

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1868.

A DAY'S RETROSPECT.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

ANNIE FLETCHER had a laudable ambition for accomplishment; for crystalizing good ideas and desires in veritable deeds. The better to further her aim of performance she kept a diary in which was nightly chronicled her progression in achievement. She was gratified when she could enumerate certain articles completed for the benevolent society, a goodly number of epistolary debts discharged, numerous guests entertained or calls paid, and a reasonable amount of what she called "solid reading" accomplished.

Annie became quoted as an example of right living, harmoniously performing her duty to society and to herself, for she strove, day by day, to so spend the golden hours, that at night the lines from the Village Blacksmith should ring like a distantly heard curfew in the weary chamber of the mind,

"Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

But one day Miss Annie Fletcher became Mrs. Frederick Dennis. A new and wider sphere opened to her, and not until the months of travelling and visit-paying were accomplished, and she had found leisure to realize herself in the spacious, luxurious home that was now hers, could she in any degree return to her old habit of varied but systematic effort which her husband's absence through the day again made welcome.

Mrs. Frederick Dennis soon became a name well known in benevolent circles. It figured largely on committee and visiting lists. It was instanced to some degree in musical circles. The newest works found direct way to her from literary friends, and she found time to read and appreciate, while the beautiful specimens of her handiwork, delicate embroideries and airy nothings of grace and beauty, by some means were

still wont to find their way, as love tokens, to distant friends. Ladies unaccustomed to gather the gold dust of time used to remark it was wonderful that Mrs. Dennis accomplished so much; yet ever kept the manner of perfect leisure.

As the years went on little children gathered about her, and she would not trust them to hireling care. Yet she seemed to find time for everything nearly as before. A change of residence to accommodate Mr. Dennis's business plans, by-and-by, removed them to a quiet inland town; but new friends were made, and Mrs. Dennis found her old position and duties, though in a new place. Together, however, came failing health and declining business prospects of the firm of which Mr. Dennis was a member, necessitating curtailment of expenses and added household care. Willie, the oldest child, a fine, promising boy, through a fearful accident which made the preservation of life itself almost miraculous, had become a confirmed and often severely suffering cripple. Only the skill taught of affection could give him the necessary care. House servants diminished to one. Life contracted for Mrs. Frederick Dennis.

The day was done. The home room was bright and cheerful. A pile of garments lay neatly folded on the table, and Mrs. Dennis unfolded the uppermost and decided upon the most feasible manner of "collecting rents" in it. Mr. Dennis regarded her from his easy-chair.

"A very good day, my dear. I'm satisfied with it. Rather hard roads getting through to Riverton; but I caught Simmonds just in time, and got that complication about the Bosworth shares arranged perfectly to my satisfaction. Very good accomplishment for one day!"

Mr. Dennis was not one of those men who

never allude to business in the presence of his family. On the contrary, in quiet home hours with his wife, he alluded to it very often, particularly since reverses.

His last remark struck upon an untuned chord in Mrs. Dennis's reflections, struck the inharmonious interval into sudden sound and painful vibration.

"And my day has been as unfruitful as my days usually are now!" with a weary sigh. "I accomplish nothing." A tired smile came into her face as she added, "I used to hear Aunt Hapsey talk about 'walking all day in a half bushel,' but I never understood the pertinency of the expression till now;" and she bent lower to hide the sudden tremor of her lip.

"Why, Annie, few with your health would attempt what you do. My fear is lest you do too much."

A shake of the head was the only safe answer to the kind tones.

"It amounts to nothing," she said, when her voice was sure. "I neglect my social duties. I am losing trace of old and cherished friends. I do not keep up my reading. I accomplish nothing!"

Mr. Dennis looked troubled. This was a case he did not know exactly how to meet.

"Put up your work for to-night," he suggested; feeling something was required to be said.

Mrs. Dennis gave a bit of a rippling, reassuring laugh at the look of mingled doubt and concern on his face.

"Never mind!" she said, self-forgettingly, "I shall feel better in the morning. Have you seen Edward's letter?" and she reached a lengthy epistle to him across the table.

While he perused, her thought run on, however, in the familiar grooves of the subject, that though seldom alluded to, was becoming an old one, the unfruitful routine of the days.

"First gave baby his bath this morning." She retrospected something after her early minute habit of journalizing. It would be difficult to make you understand how it was, but just here a voice, as though her own spirit's utterance, and yet that of a separate intelligence, spoke to her mentally: "Do you remember how glad and playful the little fellow was? Would you trust him to hands less gentle? Was not the comfort and well-being of your child ministered to in that one act?" The interrogations blended with rather than interrupted her own thought. "And then making the coffee, and showing Maggie about the steak, came next," soliloquized Mrs. Dennis; "and washing the

silver, and making ready the children's dinner baskets, things that will have to be done over again to-morrow." She felt a peaceful influence, a softened feeling stealing over her, though the invisible presence failed to make intelligible to her understanding that, which if put in words, would perhaps have been thus expressed:

"You know not how the well-furnished, well-appointed table, and your own cheerful manner braced your husband to set out on the Riverton expedition to encounter Simmonds, on a matter delicate of adjustment. He left the house thinking, 'this is a comfortable, pleasant sort of a world, even though some things do go wrong.' I am on the whole a favored man, notwithstanding some reverses. Had you failed in your part, it may be, his day would have proved unsuccessful through the influence of a cloudy mood. You do not know either, that the tempting delicacy you thought, at the last moment, to add to the dinner baskets, went to Katy Storrs' sick little sister, sent by your own thoughtful Alice, both gladdening and nourishing the child.

Though this was not made plain to Mrs. Dennis, yet the softened, quiet feeling deepened in her heart as she continued—

"Then the sweeping; and dessert for dinner; and showing Maggie about the clear-starching."

"And," said the gentle intelligence, "you cannot recall, for you do not know how, when flushed and tired with the sweeping, you sat down for a moment's rest, and thanked Maggie for her unexpected appearance, and dexterous removal of the dusty pile, that her thought was—'Bless me sowl, but I'd work double hours for so swate a lady, but it's too little altogether one pair of hands can do.' You did not know your mere tones woke hidden music from a human heart, making better."

Mrs. Dennis could not understand this, but she grew rested under the same sweet influence.

"And after dinner I tried to amuse poor Willie with his drawing, though my hand trembled and I could not do much; and then Miles Radway came, and I got another dinner for him, for Maggie was too busy."

But Mrs. Dennis did not recall Alice, having come home as the table was just in readiness, and exclaiming—"Wasn't it too bad that you should have all this trouble, mother? Didn't you hate to cut the lemon pie?"

She did not remember her answer. "No, my dear, I was glad I had it. Mr. Radway had a long ride, hoping to see your father, and

was disappointed. He must return to-night, and has his journey for nothing. I want him to have a comfortable dinner at least."

"But do you know him, mamma?"

"I have never seen him before, but I know he used to be in your father's employ, and was very desirous of seeing him to-day."

And the spirit voice of the unseen spoke softly—"That was a lesson in hospitality for your daughter, which, though she may forget the incident, will yet influence her in the aggregate with others through years to come."

And just here, where Mrs. Dennis could not take up the broken thread, the unspoken words supplemented.

"At that time, though you knew it not, your influence was acting powerfully in another direction. You did not see Eddy on his way home from school. You did not remember your words to him when you tied on his muffler in the morning—'You were a good boy, Eddy, not to mind Fred's teasing; keep your temper all day, my son. One day at a time, you know.' And now with kindling eyes and clinched hand raised against his schoolfellow, you know not how the vision of your smile, and your 'one day at a time,' came up before him, and brought the raised arm quietly down and a laugh to his lips, with the words, 'I dare you to a race to Appleton's! Why,' and if the gentle, invisible intelligence were of angelic kinship, I think there must have been a soft, glad flutter of wings; 'to have wrought that one result in a young and plastic human soul, were work enough for a day!'"

Mrs. Dennis, because of wise laws, could not thus see the spiritual fruits of her quiet hours, but calm had stolen into her soul, and she felt comforted.

And thus, we know, are sealed books of spiritual influence, being written day by day through commonplace deeds. They will be read by-and-by. Even here the parent's influence is read in the children's lives. Let not loving souls, doing quiet duties, ever mourn non-accomplishment. They shall see the fruit by-and-by.

The later hours of the day were reviewed mentally in the same minute manner, while Mr. Dennis slowly finished the perusal of the letter, and proceeded to make some penciled mathematical calculation on the back of the envelope. Looking up casually, his expression became suddenly responsive to the soft, bright look that met his own.

"Why, Annie, how refreshed you look!"

"I feel so, as well," she replied. "I could imagine I had been listening to music," and she folded the garment she had been repairing.

The sweet-voiced clock struck ten as she spoke, and another day had gone to join time's ceaseless, swift procession.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

BY MRS. F. K. FURMAN.

THOU comest, sweet spring, in thy gladness,
To banish the drear winter's reign;
Earth puts on her beautiful garments,
And all things seem joyous again—
All things save the heart's woe and sorrow—
Thou bringest no balm for such pain.

Thou lookest in vain through the lattice,
With soft, sunny eyes full of cheer,
In quest of the dear little prattler
Who welcom'd thy coming last year;
But she passed to the home of the angels
Ere the blossoms of summer grew sere.

I love the deep gush of thy bird-songs,
Thy footprints so green on the hill,
And fain would go down to the meadows
Where the wild-flower blooms by the rill;
My heart is so touch'd by this anguish,
And the house all so lonely and still.

Each quiet room seemeth to echo
Her infantile, eloquent love,
The dear little hurrying footfalls
That patter'd so sweet on the floor;
E'en her toys in the shadow seem whispering
Of the little hand clasping no more.

I know that my darling one resteth
More softly and sweetly to-day,
In the arms of the good upper Shepherd,
Than when in my bosom she lay.
Oh, it may be He wins by this sorrow
The heart that would else go astray.

Oh, teach me thy own hopeful spirit,
Then, lovely and radiant spring,
To lift o'er this winter of sadness
My own feeble, faith's stricken wing;
To soar to the mountains supernal
When glorified melodies ring.

'Twould strengthen my spirit to listen,
And feel those sweet smiles that approve;
My sad, childless heart needs the solace
That flows from the fountain of love.
I would sit near the beautiful gateway
When the children are singing above.

DOVER STONE CHURCH.

BY C.

WHAT is called the Dover Stone Church, at Dover Plains, in Dutchess county, New York, is a singular and interesting curiosity, and well worth examination by all admirers of nature and natural phenomena.

This great work of nature is about twenty-two miles east of Poughkeepsie; and it is singular that an object so truly worthy the attention of the curious, should have been suffered to remain so long comparatively unknown.

The Stone Church is formed by a fissure in the rock, on a declivity of the mountain, and near its base, through which passes a rippling streamlet, which in its passage down forms numerous and extensive cascades, some of thirty feet in height, and from ten to fifteen in breadth. This current is supposed to have been the architect employed to effect the work. The opening is narrow at the top, and appears to be almost closed, but gradually widens to its base, so that it forms a vast arch of very considerable regularity, about twenty feet across at the bottom, which is the groundwork or floor of the church. Its greatest depth is probably two hundred feet, and it is divided into two spacious halls, the inner or principal apartment is more than seventy feet in length, and is well lighted and aired from above. The antechamber or hall of entrance, is separated from the church by a huge mass of rock, which has detached itself from the side or roof, and is aptly styled the pulpit. The view is well fitted to inspire feelings of devotion. The heart, touched by the sublimity of the place, acknowledges the power of the Creator, and rises in admiration of his works.

About a mile southeast from the church, in a hollow of the mountain, may be seen a number of very beautiful natural wells of various sizes and depths, and of astonishing regularity of form, appearing almost to display the hand of art in their construction. The wells increase in depth as the mountain is ascended, and some of them are found to be several hundred feet deep. Between the wells are large cascades, which add to the grandeur of the scene, the foaming torrents of which afford a beautiful and striking contrast with the crystal clearness of the wells.

There is also a magnificent waterfall at the

further extremity of the church, over which visitors can ascend, by means of an artificial staircase, to the height of forty or fifty feet and in the sides are extensive ledges like a gallery, so that the arrangement of the place naturally suggests the idea of a church or place of worship.

In viewing these objects of external nature, the mind rises above the material character of the structure to that Power who formed all things, and by whose ever active operation they continue to exist, as well the inanimate as the animated portions of nature, and sees a beauty and a use in all things which come from the Heavenly Father's hand. As the beauty and perfection of nature are studied, the thoughts will be elevated and the affections exalted, and even the most minute things, when viewed as the gift of God and coming from his perfect love, will equally, with the greatest and grandest objects of nature, serve to lead to knowledge and usefulness. By banishing pride and self-esteem, and acquiring humility and submission, the love, wisdom, and power of the Creator may be more plainly seen in all his wonderful works for the children of men.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

KEEP THE BIRTHDAYS.—Keep the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among, the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so light, to show that it is remembered. Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket, or trousers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six to-day," and is soon "going to be a man." Fathers who have half a dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birthdays, they come too often—sometimes when they are busy, and sometimes when they are "nervous;" but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by the children years after, they would never permit any cause to step between them and a parent's privilege.

A NEW SERIES OF TEMPERANCE STORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM."

NUMBER FIVE.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

In Two Parts.—Part First.

TWO girls stood at a window looking out upon the western sky, from which the sun had just gone down. The clouds that lay above the horizon had piled themselves into purple mountains; and stretching far and wide at their base were seas of translucent azure and gold, studded with dusky islands, and bordered by airy meadow-reaches or boldly jutting headlands.

"How pure and grand!" said one of them, breaking the silence that had fallen on their spirits like a spell.

"I never look at a beautiful sunset," said the other, whose name was Adaline Penrose, "without a thank-offering in my heart, rising spontaneously; for I see in it a foregleam of Heaven. Such calmness and rest—such ineffable beauty; and above all, such purity of tone, and color, and texture, in all the cloudland scenery. Look at that river of light, winding along the base of a mountain, and now cutting through it and stretching far, far away into an opening valley, until its golden line is lost in the shadowy distance! There are no cities, full of sin and suffering, on its banks. No armies pitch their tents along its unsullied margins; nor is the serene air shocked by the noise of battle. Oh, Alice! when I turn from a scene like this to the real world in which we live, and feel the jar, and shock, and shiver of its hardness, its evil, and its disorder, I sometimes wish to die. But that is wrong. There is an inner life to be developed and perfected here; and the preachers say it can only be done through work and suffering."

"A hard saying," answered Alice May, a tone of rejection in her voice. "But the preachers have a hard way of saying things. It makes me gloomy to go to church."

"Why, Alice! Gloomy?"

"Yes, dear. I've said the right word. It's death, and the grave, and eternity; or else it's self-denial and sorrow for sin. Oh dear! Why is religion so dreary?"

"Not dreary, Alice," replied Adaline, "but cheerful, sweet, pure, loving."

"Do you call work and suffering by these pleasant names?" asked Alice May.

A dim shadow veiled the pure face of Adaline Penrose.

"We never seem to understand each other when talking about religion, Alice," she answered, with a little sadness in her voice.

"And never will, I think; so let us talk about something else," said Alice.

A silence of nearly a minute followed. The window at which they were standing—a window in Adaline's home—looked out upon a flower-garden, fenced in with white palings from the village street. There were no houses just opposite that of Dr. Penrose, but an open view over meadows and orchards to a river half a mile away, and beyond for a distance of several miles to a low range of mountains, along and above whose crests lay the sunset splendors.

Voices fell on the maidens' ears, and two young men were seen at the garden gate. There was a quick mounting of blood to the cheeks and brows of Adaline Penrose, and a sudden brightening of her beautiful eyes.

"Carl Deering," she said.

"And Henry Welford," said Alice.

As the young men passed through the gate, the two girls leaned from the window and greeted them with pleasant words—Alice with more gayety and freedom than her companion. In a few minutes afterwards, they all passed out together upon the village street for an evening stroll, Carl Deering by the side of Adaline, and his friend walking with Alice May.

The two young men were as strongly contrasted in appearance as in character. The finely moulded figure, so firm and elastic; the cleanly chiselled features; the broad, strong forehead; the dark, clear eyes, and sweet mouth, gave to Carl Deering personal attractions of a high order. His mental quality was even finer than his physical. Educated to the law, he had been practising for two years, and was recognized by the profession as one of the brightest young men in the county.

Welford, on the other hand, was a dull-looking person, under the medium height, rather heavily built, and slow in all his movements. The action of his mind was as slow as that of his body; but it had the quality of recording with great distinctness every result. He was plodding, strong and practical; with not much imagination, but a great deal of common sense.

One of your uninteresting, but kind-hearted and safe men, who never disappoint you on acquaintance, but who have few of the superficial attractions that win at first sight.

It was clear, at a glance, that Carl and Adaline were something more than friends. The way they looked into each other's eyes, as they met in the porch, fragrant with roses and honey-suckles, on that summer evening, revealed to each the heart-secret not yet uttered in words.

Towards Adaline, Carl, whose visits were becoming of late more and more frequent, had always shown a certain reserve, amounting sometimes to constraint. His usual manner with ladies was frank and familiar, which made his distant air when in company with Adaline the more noticeable.

There was a change in Carl Deering, quickly perceived by the young girl, as they passed from the garden gate. The wall of reserve which had stood between them was suddenly broken down. His voice had an easier and more confident tone, and a certain lightness that was new and did not affect Adaline pleasantly. He spoke of the gorgeous sunset, now fading, yet still retaining exquisite points of beauty. His language was florid—the sentences crowded with extravagant allusions and metaphors. Surprise quickened the ears of Adaline. She scanned the words as they fell from his lips with close attention, and noticed the confusion of ideas and excess of language. Something more than surprise made her irresponsible. Her silence did not long remain unnoticed.

"You cannot be insensible to all this glory of nature, that floods my soul!" he said, leaning so closely that his lips nearly touched hers.

Almost with a start Adaline drew her head back. Her companion noticed the movement, and also the sudden pallor that overspread her face.

"My dear Miss Penrose!" exclaimed the alarmed young man, "I meant no—" But checked himself under some quick suggestion of prudence—stammered an incoherent word or two; then said, with a tender anxiety that did not fail of its impression on Adaline's heart—"You are not ill, I hope, Miss Penrose?"

"It will pass off in a few moments," Adaline replied, with a strong effort to rally herself.

"Had we not better return?" asked Carl.

"Yes—no." The last word was spoken in a quicker and firmer tone, and she moved forward, walking in silence.

Carl kept turning towards her every moment, watching her face, in no concealed anxiety. It

did not regain its color, nor its beautiful serenity; nor could the young man by any effort draw the maiden into conversation. In vain he talked of nature, of books, of people—of any and everything that he thought might interest her. He felt that she listened attentively; hung, almost breathlessly, on his words, no matter what the subject; yet answered she nothing beyond a few brief syllables. And so they walked in the gradually falling twilight, until the veil of evening shadows hid from each the other's countenance.

Then taking courage, Carl spoke to Adaline of the love he had long felt for her. He tried to take her hand, but she kept it away from him. He was full of ardor; wild, almost, in his passion—urging for a response. But Adaline did not speak.

"Not one word, Adaline!" he said, at last, his voice husky with suspense. "Oh, if you knew how I loved you!"

"Let me go home." It was her only reply. They had become separated from Welford and Miss May, and were now at some distance beyond the village. Adaline turned as she spoke, and started homeward, walking rapidly. Carl strode along by her side—neither speaking until they stood at Dr. Penrose's garden gate, when Adaline said, in a voice the young man would never have recognized as hers—"Good evening, Mr. Deering!" And springing up the walk, was out of sight in a moment.

Like one stupefied, Carl Deering stood for several minutes leaning on the gate he had opened for the young girl to enter; then, with a long sigh, drew himself up and walked slowly away.

Alice May, whose father lived in the village, did not return to the house of her friend Adaline, but went home after her walk with Henry Welford; so Adaline retired immediately to her chamber. It was after midnight, when, lifting her face from the pillow in which she had buried it, she disrobed herself and went to bed. Her movements were slow and heavy, like one in partial stupor. Her face was colorless and bore signs of strong mental conflict; but the lips had a firm pressure, as if she had reached some clear decision.

Dr. Penrose was an early riser. "The sun and I begin our work together," he liked to say. "When he is out of bed, you may count on finding my chamber empty." He was a man of character and influence in the village—a clear thinker and a resolute actor. His wife had none of his strong, decided qualities. She was a mild, gentle, weak woman; a pleasant

companion in sunny weather, but hindering and burdensome in times of trouble and danger. Adaline, though taking something from both father and mother, was most like her father, between whom and herself there existed a strong bond of sympathy and affection. She had always been frank and free with him, and reserved towards her mother, who really knew little of her inner life.

As Dr. Penrose sat in his porch, drinking in the fine morning air, full of odor and sunshine, and enjoying the calmness and healthy influence of the hour, the noise of a footstep caused him to look round, when he started up, exclaiming in a tone of surprise and concern—

"Why Ada, dear! Are you sick?"

Her pale, slightly pinched face, alarmed him.

Adaline made an effort to reply, but no sound answered to the movement of her lips.

"What has happened, dear?" Her father asked, in increasing concern.

"Something about which I want to talk to you," the agitated girl managed to say.

"Come into the office," said the Doctor, as he drew his arm about the waist of Adaline. As soon as they were in the little office, Dr. Penrose seated her in a chair, and taking another directly in front of her, looked for a few moments, silently and anxiously, into her face.

"Now, darling—what is it?" His voice was full of tenderness.

"Carl Deering —". She stopped without completing the sentence; but grew paler and more disturbed.

"Has offered himself?" said the Doctor.

"Yes."

Dr. Penrose studied the face before him, intently. He was puzzled.

"Do you love him?" He asked, abruptly.

"Yes." The maiden answered, frankly.

"He is a young man of very fine quality," said Dr. Penrose, "and comes of a good stock."

"I know—I know," Adaline said, quickly; almost impatiently. "But this fine quality and good stock must be counted out sometimes."

"I don't get your meaning, Ada."

"I must count them out," Adaline spoke with firmness. She was gradually getting possession of herself.

"You cannot get grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles, my child," said the Doctor, with considerable warmth of manner. "It is not safe to count out good qualities in the stock."

"There may not always be vital force enough

in the stock to overcome bad conditions, or vicious influences," returned Adaline.

"Ha! Do I get your meaning?"

The Doctor started as if touched by the point of a spear.

"Father!" said Adaline, leaning towards Dr. Penrose, and speaking slowly and impressively. "When I was but twelve years of age, I saw a thing that burned itself into my memory, and will be a living picture there so long as I live. I have shivered a hundred times since in presence of that picture." She paused, catching her breath with a half-arrested sob.

"It was over at Concord," Adaline resumed, quickly regaining her firmness of tone. "I was visiting for a few weeks at Aunt Wilford's. One day Cousin Helen and I were invited to spend the afternoon, and take tea with a lady who had been married a few years, an intimate friend of Helen's. She was lovely, and looked so very young, I thought, to be the mother of two children—dear little things, who made their way right into your heart."

"During the early part of the afternoon this lady was bright and cheerful, yet with a certain quietness of manner, falling at times into moments of abstraction, as if there were a weight on her thoughts. These states of abstraction increased, and were of longer continuance, as the afternoon wore away. Something of disquietude and suspense became so apparent, that, child as I was, I could not fail to observe it."

"Tea was at last ready, but the lady's husband had not returned. 'I don't know what keeps him,' she said, in a worried tone, that had in it more than simple annoyance. 'He ought to have been home half an hour ago.' Even as she spoke, a man's step was heard at the door. As it swung open noisily, I saw her start and listen with a strange kind of intentness, her face reddening, and then suddenly growing ashy white. 'O, papa!' cried one of the children, a curly headed darling not three years old, running out into the hall to meet her father. A moment after, and a tall, handsome young man, bearing the child in his arms, strode into the room where we were sitting. He stopped, in a confused way, on seeing company, knit his brows, and looked disconcerted. I glanced from him to his wife. Not until my dying day can I forget the mingled shame and agony of her face. The man was drunk!"

"He set the child down hastily, and made an effort to be self-possessed. We were presented to him, and he greeted us with a superfluous

courtesy that revealed, instead of hiding his mental bewilderment. Oh, poor wife! The anguish, the shame, the humiliation of that hour! There are few women, I think, who would not rather die than encounter such a life-experience. As for me, I would not hesitate, on such an election, for a single instant.

"I will not go over all I saw on that sorrowful evening. Enough that a young man of high moral worth, culture, intelligence and great promise, acted for us through two painful hours, the role of a silly egotist, varying the character now and then for that of an overbearing tyrant, or a quarrelsome brute. Such pity as I had for his wife, has never touched my heart for any human being; and I think never will. The young man came of good stock, father! But what of that?"

"Carl Deering is no drunkard!" said Dr. Penrose.

"He had been drinking last night," returned Adaline.

"What evidence had you?"

"The evidence of breath and unusual mental excitement. I never saw him just as he was last evening, and wondered what it meant until he breathed into my face. Then I had the solution. Memory revived the scene witnessed at Concord nearly ten years ago, and I was gazing at the sad picture when he began talking to me of love!"

"And you rejected him on the instant," said the Doctor.

"No."

"What then?"

"I was silent."

"Made no response?"

"None."

Dr. Penrose dropped his eyes to the floor, closely contracting his brows. After the lapse of a minute, he said—"There are very few young men in the neighborhood who do not, occasionally, drink wine or beer."

"I know," was Adaline's brief response.

"Not from any love of liquor, but in compliance with a social custom. You were at Judge Wilmot's party?"

"Yes."

"There was plenty of wine, and even stronger liquors, there."

"I know."

"And few of the guests that did not drink. And now I remember seeing you and Deering tipping your glasses."

A hot flush burned in Adaline's face, but died out instantly.

"I remember it," she answered, her voice choking.

Neither spoke again for a considerable time.

"How is it that a glass or two of wine was of no account then, and of so much account now?" said Dr. Penrose, breaking the heavy silence.

Adaline looked into her father's face keenly, and with some surprise.

"The relation between you is different," the Doctor remarked, answering his own question.

Again there was silence, both the Doctor and Adaline visibly embarrassed. The truth was, Dr. Penrose looked upon Carl Deering as, by all odds, the most promising young man in the neighborhood, and was pleased and flattered at his choice of Adaline. He did not feel the force of his daughter's objection, regarding it as a weakness, if not a whim. But he understood enough of her character to know that if he set himself very decidedly in opposition to her present views and state of mind, she would confirm them beyond all hope of change.

"You must give yourself time to think, Adaline," Dr. Penrose spoke calmly. "The rush of feeling has been too strong."

He saw her tremble; but it was only for a moment.

"Time to think!" She almost threw the words back upon her father. "What more can thinking do? My brain is mad with thought now."

"Unhealthy and misleading thought, as in all such cases. I hardly need tell you that, my child."

"Misleading, when it ever comes back to one conclusion, re-state the case and argue it as I will!"

He was silent.

"The bare thought of being a drunkard's wife," Adaline went on, "sends such a shiver along my blood, that I grow faint with a heart-sickness that seems as if unto death. I never felt this so like a warning and an impediment as now. All night it has wrought in my imagination, creating scenes in the future of a life shared with Carl Deering worse to realize than martyrdom. I accept this dread as prophetic. I will act upon it!"

She lifted her form with a quick, strong movement, like one who takes a sudden resolution, setting her calm, clear eyes steadily into those of her father. He had failed her in counsel; and self-reliant, brave, iron-willed—yet only a sweet and gentle girl—she rose to

the occasion and stood firm as a pillar of granite.

Dr. Penrose understood both his daughter and the situation. He was not one of those who, when a human impediment stands in their way, serge blindly against it, giving and receiving useless wounds—helping naught; only hindering and hurting.

"It concerns you most, darling!" he said, speaking with a tremor of love in his tones, and drawing her head upon his bosom; "and as you decide the question, so let it stand."

Instantly she broke down, clinging to him and sobbing wildly. But this was for a moment only. With a strong effort she brought the rein back upon her feelings, and quickly regained control. Laying a kiss on her father's lips, Adaline went out silently, and with swift feet ran up to her chamber, shutting and locking the door. She sat down, as one utterly exhausted, very pale and still.

The struggle had been long and hard. If Dr. Penrose had taken the side against Carl, the decision might have been in his favor, or at least some time delayed. But, with an instinct of danger, Adaline, on seeing that her father made light of a thing that loomed up to her eyes with such fearful proportions, threw herself at a wild bound far over to the side of safety, where she lay stunned, hurt and weak; but not for long. She did not know, until then, how, almost unconsciously to herself, her heart had been drifting, drifting out of reach, until its destiny was well nigh beyond her control.

Back from her decision Adaline did not look for a single instant. The case was not open for review—no argument for an appeal would be admitted. Judgment was final. This was in agreement with her character.

But trial was not over. Carl pressed his suit, making an offer of marriage in writing. Adaline replied:—"There is no man for whom I have a higher regard than yourself. I say this because it is right that I should do so. But there are reasons why I cannot, dare not, marry you, and so am constrained to decline this offer. My decision is final, and I pray you not to give any fruitless effort towards effecting a change. May God keep you very tenderly!"

The resolute maiden conferred with no one, not even her father, who never knew just the reply she had sent to Deering. Pride helped the young man to get over his disappointment. It might have been better for him if Adaline had so hinted at the reason why she dared not marry him, that he would have known what

the impediment was. Perhaps a new light would have broken in upon him. Perhaps he would have seen danger in a path where none was suspected. We cannot tell. But it might have been better.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY AMY A. HEADLEY.

THE old brown school-house on the hill!
I wonder if it stands there still!
As it stood there in years gone by,
When childhood's heart beat warm and high?
I wonder if its creaking door
Still swings and opens as of yore,
When careless feet its threshold pressed,
And I was then its merry guest?

Ah! I can see my dear old place
'Mid those rude seats, and I can trace
The figures that my pencil wrought
Upon my desk, when wary thought
Was tracking "teacher" in her rounds,
Or trying "fancy's" airy bounds.
And I can feel—oh! worse to tell—
The raps that made my fingers swell.

Again I con my lessons o'er,
Or stand "lone sentry" on the floor,
Or join the recitation class,
And strive the others to surpass.
Was it a worthy love of lore
That lured us through that school-house door,
And held us there till set of sun?
Nay! rather was it—*love of fun*.

I taste once more, as back I pass,
The rich red berries strung on grass,
That sly hands hid behind a slate
When being questioned, "Why so late?"
Again I laugh, and jump, and shout,
As teacher says the school is "out;"
For girls and boys alike agree
In making known their liberty.

Oh! ye may sing of college halls,
Of storied piles and frescoed walls,
Of pompous tomes with sounding names,
Of classic themes and Grecian games;
And ye may tell of pleasures rare,
Known to the few who worship there,
But none of these my heart can thrill
Like that brown school-house on the hill.

Ah! it is the foxes small,
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
That destroy the tender vines;
And it is the spark of fire,
Brightening, growing, curling higher,
That across the forest shines:
Just so, step by step, does sin,
If unchecked, a triumph win.

"MAKING UP."

BY G. B.

"GRACE"

"Yes, Averil, I know all that deprecatory tone implies. Your eyes are homes of silent reproach—not prayer, as Tennyson sings."

"Why will you be so naughty—why pain my brother Robert so needlessly?"

"I might own to being radically wrong in the matter; but I will keep this appointment after having made it; and, *apropos*, there comes Mr. John Saliere's gallant steed rounding that angle of the road. How slowly he rides."

"It is not too late for excuses even now, Grace," Miss Averil Ruysdale, urged.

"Bah!" Miss Grace exclaimed, gayly. "I pant for a good hard gallop in this elastic air. This morning was dreary, drizzling, colorless—so was yesterday. We are going towards the hills, Averil; the faintest, tenderest purples are crowning them now, and before half an hour the moon will be up."

"But, Grace, Robert does not like your receiving such devoted attention from Mr. Saliere. Robert's wishes—"

"But his wishes in this don't signify a bit—not to me."

"Good taste signifies—and his wishes? to you? Oh, Grace!"

Grace Leigh shook the bright curls falling around her face disdainfully. "I never heard you preach before, Averil—ah, there is Mr. Saliere at the gate. I'm off." She flashed a brilliant, saucy smile, and ran down to old Tom, who was holding her horse.

Miss Ruysdale thoughtfully entered the house. Robert will be so angry—enraged, she said to herself, sitting down at the drawing-room fire, to listen for her brother's return from town.

Mr. Robert Ruysdale had been engaged in early June of that year to Grace Leigh, who at the solicitations of his sister Averil, had joined her in the late September, at her brother's country residence, where he lived a sort of bachelor's life in the hot months, with his Aunt Maud to superintend his menage. Aunt Maud was exceedingly deaf; but being of an amiable temperament and very fond of her niece and nephew, Averil found her brother's bachelor quarters quite tolerable after gay weeks at Newport. Mr. Ruysdale was late to-night—an intricate law case kept him in his office-chair longer than was his wont to remain there. The

rattling of wheels over the stones in the yard, announced to Averil his return. Instead of waiting in the drawing-room she ran up to her chamber. She could hear Robert's step going from room to room in search of them. Next she distinguished his voice in the pantry, where Aunt Maud was uncovering pots of preserves. Aunt Maud knew nothing of the movements of the two girls that afternoon—probably they had gone for some fresh air, they had been mewed up so long by the weather. Leaning over the back stair balustrade, Averil nodded satisfied approval to this suggestion thrown out, and turned into her room. He must know from Grace about this. I should only bungle and not help her any, she said to herself. How often have I seen her disarm just anger, by that half saucy, half tender way she has. But just here, Miss Ruysdale's comfortable state of mind was disturbed; her brother's step sounded on the stair, and his knuckles sounded on her door. She opened instantly.

"Then you are not out—where is Grace? I want to drive you both to Stone Edge directly after supper. Aunt Maud is hastening preparations, that we may start almost directly. Where is Grace?"

"She will be in soon."

"If she is in the garden I will go and fetch her," his foot was turned to descend.

"She is not in the garden. She is out."

"Where?"

"Riding."

"With the Morley young ladies?"

"Mr. John Saliere came for her. Old Tom was delighted to saddle Zephyr—she has been so restive through inactivity the past two days."

Mr. Ruysdale set his teeth firmly together. His face was clouded with anger. "Grace defies me," he muttered.

"I would not take it in that way, Robert," Averil said, coolly. "We all know what a sweet, wilful child Grace is; this defiance is evanescent. She has no wise elder brother to keep her in check," Miss Ruysdale stated, with a pretty lifting of her eyebrows.

"My wishes should have guided her in this. I have so mentioned them that they should have retained some hold on her memory. I shall give up all right to interference with her now."

"Well," Averil returned, being assured that to argue any more, would be but to settle Robert all the more firmly in his resolution, but Averil's heart misgave her, as she watched the hard lines gather on his face.

"Be so good as to send me some coffee at eight, into the library. I have many papers to sort, and shall be up writing far into the small hours."

Averil understood the hint conveyed—that she was not to disturb him in the library by her presence that night.

"Robert, you will come into the drawing-room at ten—before we separate?"

"I shall see no one to-night, unless Acton comes for some proof I have ready."

Averil felt a little frightened at her brother's hard, stern manner. She went up to him, and laid her white hand on his shoulder.

"What is the matter with you, Averil? you wear our mother's look in your eyes to-night."

"Robert, she loves you. Grace does love you above every earthly thing."

"She holds my happiness with too light a clasp, Averil—

—"the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Averil turned away greatly disturbed in mind—he is too deeply pained and angry, for Grace to win him over by her bewitchery. She walked to the window at the end of the hall, looking wistfully for signs of Grace. Just as she was turning away, she heard the swift canter of horses—saw Miss Leigh dismount; give a hasty wave of the hand to Mr. John Saliere, throw the rein to old Tom, and run lightly up the steps. Averil met her in the lower hall.

"Grace, I am so glad you have returned."

"It was naughty in me to go," the young lady replied, with unwonted meekness. She shivered as she spoke.

"How cold you are. Sit by the drawing-room fire until Liddy makes you one in your room. Is it so chilly out?"

"No; but I am horridly cold."

Averil vanished in search of Liddy. Grace entered the warm, bright drawing-room with some misgiving—would Robert be there—would he be very angry—would he ever forgive her? No, the room was empty. She felt relieved, but more and more unhappy. Surely, Robert must have returned from town. She thought she must seek him. She softly peeped into the little room adjoining—no, he was not there. She walked out into the hall, and along its extended length. A light shone under the

crack of the library door. He was within, she felt sure. Miss Leigh gathered up her riding-habit in one hand, and with the other took hold of the massive knob. Just then Aunt Maud appeared along the passage.

"Can't you manage that heavy door, my dear," she said, kindly.

Grace nodded, her cheeks burning painfully—she dropped her lashes over the blue eyes in which tears were gathering. Aunt Maud passed on. Would she never have courage to turn that knob—her slight riding-whip slipped from her hold, and fell to the floor, the noise it made sounded exceedingly loud to her ears, and imparted a sort of desperate courage. The door yielded smoothly to her effort. Once within the room, her heart beat violently.

Mr. Ruysdale sat facing the fire which burned upon the hearth. No part of his face could she see—nothing but the back of his head and his broad shoulders—evidently he had not heard her entrance. An Italian stand stood at his elbow, on which was piled a few books. Grace could not tell if he held a book in his hand—she thought his eyes were fixed upon the flames. As she moved her white neck for a clearer view, something dropped from her hair, and trailed against her cheek—it was a piece of scarlet vine. She tore it from her curls and stamped upon it—the carpet was soft, and thick as velvet turf, and gave back no sound. Soon a little angry sparkle showed itself in her blue eye—why didn't Robert turn his head and see that she was there—her full, red lip quivered, and a hot tear dropped upon the little gauntleted hand. What should she do—he wouldn't stir—he wouldn't move his head an inch. The mouth grew petulant as the angry sparkle died out—the long lashes fell timidly—irresolution succeeded—then one half-hesitating step was taken toward the figure sitting so immovably in the chair, and Grace burst into tears. A succession of little stifled sobs was heard—the slight, graceful figure trembled—the beautiful face, with its shower of bright curls, was quite hidden within the little hands. As the sobs died away, perfect silence succeeded—with one swift movement the lovely head reared itself—the figure in the chair had not changed its position—there was a look of even, calm repose in the poise of Mr. Ruysdale's head. The wet cheeks were indignantly dried—blue eyes flashed—Robert didn't care for her—he was cruel, cruel, hard and cruel. She wouldn't love him any more. Why wouldn't he speak to her—why would he be so cruelly unkind. She hurt her ungloved hand

against a bunch of autumn berries at her belt—the sharp culminating points had pierced her soft palm. She heeded not the pain inflicted, but slowly unconfined them, and let the bright mass slip idly from her fingers. Robert was certainly unkind, she said to herself, with a little wavering—again she glanced towards the chair—this time half wistfully. Pride and anger vanished together.

"Robert," said the sweet, low, tremulous voice.

Not a sound responded. Grace bit her lip sharply, to restrain a hot spring of tears—almost a bitter expression crossed her face, but it was chased away. She went up and laid her hand on the arm of the chair.

"Robert, it was very naughty—can you

forgive it?" There was no tremor in the tones now—they were low, clear and sweet—the lovely face was calm though flushed.

Mr. Ruysdale put out his arm, drew her to his knee, and laid her head upon his breast.

Grace's tears flowed plentifully, hiding her face against his shoulder. "Robert, you are very good to me."

"When I heard you at the door, I knew it was my own Grace, coming for forgiveness." He gathered her up in his arms, and went to find his sister Averil.

It was too late for the drive to Stone Edge, Averil said unconcernedly, and Grace never knew how near she had come to losing her lover. The spark of coquetry was killed outright.

NOW AND THEN.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"OH dear! to think of being a bent-down," wrinkled-up, gray-haired, toothless old woman! I hope, in all mercy, I never shall live to be old."

The young girl's words were but the expression of a very common, if not universal, feeling, among those of her class. A natural one, too; and yet there are two sorts of old age, one repulsive, the other pleasant.

An old age that is the culmination of an indolent, aimless, or self-seeking life—that looks not back on pleasant places, made green by generous deeds and kindly words—that has no treasure laid up in heaven—*this* is more than sorrowful!

But there is an old age that is very beautiful—beautiful as autumn when the boughs bend with their weight of fruitage, and the woods stand glorious in their changed and dropping foliage—beautiful as winter, with its snows and unbroken rest, a rest that holds within it the sure promise of the spring! Such is old age when the heart, still young and innocent, throbs in an earnest sympathy with others' joy and sorrow; when the soul's life-currents are not dried by selfishness, wasted by indolence, or embittered by evil passions; when it looks out through dim eyes, lighting them with a radiance not all of earth, and good-will breathes in the voice, broken and feeble as it may be; when the brow, marked by Time's pencil, is free from lines of fretfulness or distrust, and peace, born of a living faith, sits there en-

throned; when the hands, though thin and trembling, and the feet though soon wearied, still find errands of love and kindness.

By-and-by the worn garment of mortality will fall; and the spirit, clad in the white and shining robes of purity, will move resplendent in youthful strength and beauty, amid the angelic ministries of a higher life.

But seed, to find a full development and rich fruition, must be early planted. A thoughtless youth, a wasted or self-seeking manhood or womanhood, is not that which bears within it the promise of the spring! The striving for the good things of earth is right and needful; but these may be the *end* in view; or they, and the efforts they cost, the temptations involved—all may be the means of rising, to a better and interior life. They may be treasures laid up on earth only; or through them may treasures be laid up in heaven. And the *heart* that is there—that brings the love and peace and trust of heaven into hourly life, *never grows old*; for it says to the One Infinite Love and Life—

"All my springs are in Thee!"

LEISURE is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

THE MIND is like a trunk: if well packed, it holds almost everything; if ill packed, next to nothing.

ODD LITTLE PEOPLE.

[We find in the *Independent* this very life-like sketch of some odd little people in New York, who, if their characters and ways of life were better known to Christian people, might have still more done for them than the active benevolence of a few has already accomplished.]

ODD? Yes, so grotesque and singular that I pray you to permit me to describe the impression they made upon the mind of an old man, a stranger to your magnificent and wicked city.

I am a simple country gentleman, believing with my whole heart and soul in God, my country, the purity and goodness of women, and the innocence and helplessness of little children. Until now, I have not been in this wonderful city of New York since I was an urchin of tender years; and that was more years ago than I care to remember.

It must be long since that time that the new and strange race of children called "News-boys" has arisen: those laughing, jeering, ragged, satirical babies, who sing "Hallelujahs" in the street, with a "fol de rol" at the end; who wear pantaloons with only one leg; who cry the news at the corners and in the cars, with witty comments of their own; and, after selling their papers, solemnly squat down on the muddy pavement to play pitch-penny, afterwards fighting the winner.

I watched them with a weird fascination. These poor little chaps—so dirty and old, so hard and careless—gave me inexpressible pain. Their voices were not like the voices of children: they were roughened like that of an habitual drunkard; they were cracked with incessant screaming of papers, by exposure and poverty, perhaps by vice. I wondered if they had parents, or shelter, or sufficient food, or any one to love or care for them.

One evening I was telling a New York friend my thoughts about these Young Americans, who in a few years would lend the weight of their characters and votes for the good or ill of our country. My heart and words were full of pity.

"Why," he laughed, "how you are wasting your sympathy. They are the happiest, jolliest, most reckless little scamps in the world. There is nothing bad in their hearts. It is true that they swear like dragoons, talk abominable slang, and sing 'Bully, Hallelujah!' But there is not an atom of systematic wicked-

ness in their intentions. God wills it that children can never be utterly depraved. His Spirit is nearer to them than one would believe, who only saw them in the streets. Come, go with me this evening to their club—their room. I believe this is one of the evenings in which they are taught music. You will see them *au naturel*, and no doubt enjoy the fun immensely; for where *they* are, fun is king."

It was a rainy night, but my curiosity was greatly excited. Soon after dinner, I walked with my friend to No. — Fulton street. We mounted five dark flights of stairs, and opened a door into a large room, crowded with boys from seven to sixteen years of age. They were dressed in every kind of ragged costume; but, to my surprise, had clean faces and hands—the first radiant with good humor, the last clapping together, slapping their neighbors backs, or playing tricks. They were singing, hissing, shouting impromptu verses and speeches, running out their tongues, making diabolical faces, standing on their heads in corners, munching peanuts, and dancing double-shuffle—all unmistakably and gloriously happy. Many were barefooted, some had no jackets, and others jackets and no shirts. One comical little scamp rejoiced in a pair of pantaloons which had belonged to somebody's grandfather, and made up for the want of a seat by the length of legs, which flapped about ridiculously, and got continually under the feet of the others.

Another very small, squeezed-up boy, with twinkling eyes, had on a dress-coat, the tails of which majestically swept the floor. All who had hats or caps wore them like Quakers at meeting; but you will believe that the faces beneath had a somewhat different expression.

The music-teacher had not yet arrived; and our advent daunted them not an atom. On the contrary, one of the boys, with a bright gleam of mischief in his eyes, came forward, made me a ceremonious bow, and said, "Hallo, Mr. Baked Pears," alluding no doubt to my brown and wrinkled skin, "let me give you a seat. The opera is just a-goin' to begin." And, taking an imaginary watch out of a pretended watch-fob, added, with an air of annoyance irresistibly droll, "Ah! where can that lazy dog of a manager be? Never mind! Here, Brignoli, give the gentleman a song, to keep the gentleman from going to sleep 'fore the curtain rises."

This speech was hailed with a gleeful shout and a "Hi! hi! Come on, Brignoli." Whereupon the urchin in the dress-coat walked forward, without the slightest hesitation, made a low bow with his hand on his heart, and in a high, squeaky voice, sang,

"I really think, without a doubt,
That Christians have a right to shout.
If you belong to Gideon's band,
Why, here's my heart and here's my hand"

Suited the action to the words, he shook hands with me, while the rest struck in with the chorus, singing "If you belong to Gideon's band," with such a ridiculous prolonging of the words through their noses that I shouted with laughter, with a vague inward suspicion that I ought to be shocked.

Just as Brignoli was commencing the second verse, the music-teacher entered. The boy stopped suddenly, and took his seat, giggling; while the rest nodded and winked at each other, and in audible whispers expressed their opinions that old Baked Pears was a brick, and a trump, and a stunner, and a jolly old cove, he was.

The teacher began, pleasantly smiling: "Boys, any news to-day?"

"Yes, *sir!*" they all shouted.

"What?"

"Why," said the boy who had first spoken to me, "the President was out sailing by himself, and he didn't mind his eye, or the winds eye, when flop! the sail knocked him overboard, when a shark, who had just gobbled a one-eyed lawyer, a big weed, a copperhead ring, and two national banks, snapped him up for dessert."

"Good gracious! I did not see any account of it."

"That's because you did not buy *my* paper—*Ex-press*, third 'deeshin!"

"Any other news?"

"Yes, *sir*," said a chuckle-headed boy. "Small flat-boat just arrived from Greenland, with Old Whitey and a baked pear on board. Hooray for Horace!"

The very windows rattled with the cheer that ensued, which, with the title of "Old Whitey," was meant as a complimentary recognition of the honest, kindly, and to me beautiful face of my friend, who enjoyed his reception hugely.

"What else?" asked the music-teacher, laughing heartily, and evidently bent on showing off the boys.

A queer little fat fellow droned out—"Brooklyn beat went for a jambaree last night, and

landed on top of the fort at Governor's Island."

"A gentleman hired another gentleman to trot his wife home from the Seventh Regiment Concert, so he could go on a bender. Here it is in my paper. Buy it, *sir*?" cried a small imp, with his red hair standing up like bristles all over his head.

"But," said the teacher, "no fun now. I really would like to know the most important news of to-day. I have not had a moment's time to read the papers."

"The most unrivaled, astonishing and celebrated musician in the world has arrived, and will give a grand concert, with the kind assistance of the newsboys, in the sixth story of the Sun Buildings."

They all laughed and clapped their hands at this, and then succeeded such a hulla-ballooing, mewling like cats, barking like dogs, crowing, howling and hooting; which the nearest boy kindly informed me was the tuning of the instruments.

The teacher at last held up his hands. At this signal there arose a fresh cry of "Hush—sh—sh," on all sides; and, with much severe tugging, nudging and pecketing at each other, a sort of spasmodic silence was obtained.

"I am very much obliged," said the teacher, "for your news. And now I have something to tell *you*. Shall I say it, or sing it?"

"Sing it! sing it!" they cried.

"Well, I want to teach you a beautiful sacred chant. These are the words: 'I waited patiently for the Lord'; and He inclined unto me, and heard my calling."

Then, in a sweet tenor voice, he sang the words twice over, when he stopped; and, looking lovingly around, "Boys," he said, "do you know that, if you pray earnestly and wait patiently, God will surely hear and answer you? Do you believe this?"

"Yes, *sir!*" they chorused.

"Well, try to sing this beautiful chant with me. Now!"

He raised his hand to mark the time, and began it again, slowly; and the boys followed with an accuracy which astonished me. But I grieve to mention that the gentleman in the long pantaloons, minus a seat, insensible to the sacredness of the words, transposed some of them, and piped out in this way: "I waited patiently, I waited patiently, for the ford, for the ford; and he inclined unto me, and curd my hawling."

This absurd transposition set all the boys near him tittering and grinning, to such a

degree as threatened to end in a general choke.

"What's the matter?" asked the teacher, sharply.

"No one answered; but the boy who had made the disturbance looked up fearlessly—for these children are afraid of nothing—and said, with a merry grin—"I was only funnin', sir."

"He was pating watiently," ventured the little scamp in the dress-coat.

"And you curd his hawling," whispered another imp of mischief.

The teacher looked grave and troubled. Evidently his vocation here was not in the least like reclining on a bed of roses; and he was meditating what would be the best strategic movement for the situation, when my good friend came to the rescue.

"Boys——" he began.

"Three cheers for Horace!" they put in; which were given with a will.

"Boys, you've made noise enough; now let me talk. Jest's should never be suffered to intrude on good manners. It is all very well to laugh and joke at the right time; but it is especially wrong, it is wicked, to make fun of the words of the Bible, as some of you did just now."

"We wont do it again, sir," cried half-a-dozen voices.

"I hope not. It is said that of all the virtues gratitude has the shortest memory. You owe a great deal of happiness to your kind music-teacher; and the least return you can make is to treat him with respect."

"We'll sing it real good this time," said the boys.

"Never mind," answered the teacher. "We'll try it another time. How would you like to sing 'The Epitaph on a Kitten—*Requies cat in pace*'? You know it now perfectly."

"Oh, yes! yes!" was heard on all sides with a caterwauling obligato—which they considered indispensable.

To a very sweet and simple air, which the boys sang with all their hearts—keeping excellent time, and tapping with their feet—we listened, and heard, too, every word of the mournful tale, which would not have been the case if a fashionable ballad-singer had favored us. Here it is:

ANDANTE DOLOROSO.

"Here lies, by death smitten,
A hapless young kitten,
To moulder away in the dust.
Oh! had it lived longer,
It might have been stronger,

And died somewhat older, we trust, trust—*é—trust*,
And died somewhat older, we trust.

CHORUS.—Oul! miau! meou! m-e-o-u!

VIGOROSO.

"Had it grown to cathood,
Then many a rat would
Have mourned in the deepest of woes,
Let the curtain be drawn to,
We hope it has gone to
The land where all happy cats go, *go—é—go*,
The land where all happy cats go!

CHORUS.—Ow! miau! meou! m-e-o-u!"

No words can describe the keen zest with which they gave the chorus, in the midst of which a little, short, fat, square-headed boy entered the room with a bundle of papers, and, sitting down in a corner by a desk, folded his stubby arms, and laid his head upon them.

"What's the matter, Gassenbubben?" asked the teacher, kindly.

"Ach! Katzenjammer," muttered the boy.

"What does he say?" I asked.

"He couldn't sell his papers, and he got the cat's misery," said my coat-tail boy, interpreting.

"Das ist wahr," groaned the poor little Dutchman, holding up his bundle of *The Zeitung*.

"He says, what's wuss, he's had no supper," continued my interpreter.

Whether this was really so I am not certain, for the little scamp looked at me with a most ridiculous grin; but I immediately went to the poor child, and, giving him fifty cents, said, "Here, my little lad, this will help to make up your loss on the papers. Don't fret any more."

He looked up with a surprised smile. He had not understood a word that I had said; but he *did* understand that I meant to do him a kindness, and rising from his seat he made me an awkward bow, took the money, and said, "Dankee."

"Oh, what a shame!" cried the coat-tail boy. "The gentleman gave him fifty cents, and he called him a donkey!" Whereupon all the boys roared with laughter, and clapped their hands, and said, "Go it, Gossy! Talk some more Dutch! Wot larks!"

It was now time to break up; and, after hearing "The Star Spangled Banner" sung with an uproarious chorus and independent words, and embellished with the waving of imaginary flags, and a remarkable imitation of the crowing of cocks, as an appropriate and victorious wind-up, we bade the Newsboys good-night, and left them "hooraying" lustily for "Horace."

* * * * *

I have read in the papers that there are forty-eight thousand nine hundred and ten of these homeless children, two thousand nine hundred and twenty-six of whom are orphans. They are now suffering for want of a permanent shelter; for the rooms they now occupy are liable to be taken at the beginning of any year for other purposes.

Good people, help these houseless lads, wan-

dering so friendless through your streets! Put them on the pathway to a better life. To complete a building for their use fifty thousand dollars is required: not much, when you think of the unutterable blessing it will bring—a Home for the Newsboys. And your sleep will be sweeter, and your waking life have a foretaste of "that peace which passeth all understanding."

JANE PORTER.

THE Works of Miss Porter achieved a reputation and popularity, which few writings of the kind, had at that time received. Mrs. S. C. Hall says, "She was celebrated all over the known world." On the publication of her first two works in the German language, she was honored by being made a Lady of the Chapter of St. Joachim, and received the gold cross of the order from Wurtemberg.

Her father was a younger son of a well-connected Irish family, and was born in Coleraine, and was a major in the Enniskillen dragoons. Her mother was an English lady, a wise, hopeful, loving-hearted wife and mother, who found her chief happiness in her own family. She married Major Porter when very young, and was the mother of five children. He died young, leaving his lovely widow poor, she having only her pension to depend on. Their eldest son, afterwards Colonel Porter, was educated by his grandfather.

Miss Porter's first romance was, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," produced at an almost girlish age. She placed her standard of excellence on high ground, and gentle-spirited as was her nature, it was firm in what she believed the right and true. She had an active brain, and a singularly constructive power of originating ideas. Her "Scottish Chiefs," and "The Pastor's Fireside," achieved an extensive popularity. To these were added a number of other tales and romances. She also contributed to several annuals and magazines, and kept up the reputation she had won, through all her productions. No one was more alive to praise, or more grateful for attention; but she was never drawn out of her domestic circle by the flattery which has spoiled so many others. Her mind was admirably balanced by her home affections, which remained unsullied to the end of her life. The income from Miss Porter's writings enabled her to place her mother and the rest

of her family in comfortable circumstances even while she was quite young. She had three brothers, and a charming sister, and though no two sisters could have been more different in appearance and manners, there was the most perfect harmony between them.

The beauty of Jane was statuesque, her deportment serious, yet cheerful—a seriousness quite as natural as her younger sister's gaiety; they both labored diligently, but Anna Maria's labor was sport when compared to her elder sister's careful toil. Jane's mind was of a more lofty order. Maria was animated and cheerful, and rushed into print in her twelfth year.

Dr. Porter, her second brother, was a man of some celebrity; and her youngest brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, had wonderful talents; he was a painter, an author, a soldier, and a diplomatist; he resided at St. Petersburg, and married a Russian princess. They had one daughter, the only descendant of the five brothers and sisters. After Maria's death, Jane visited St. Petersburg, when Robert died as he was about to return to England with her.

C.

DR. DAVIDSON, Professor of Natural Science at Aberdeen, gave occasional lectures in natural history. In order to puzzle him some of his students contrived to put together portions of various insects, so as to present the appearance of a single original. The medley being placed before the Professor, one of the rogues remarked, "We think it is a sort of bug." The Professor, inspecting it through his glass promptly replied, "Yes, gentlemen, a *humbug*."

OUR very manner is a thing of importance. A kind No is often more agreeable than a rough Yes.

THE POT OF GERANIUM.

From the German.

IN the attic of a large, gray old house, inhabited by countless tenants and many more rats, there lived a poor widow. She had never seen happy days. Her lot had been cast in poverty, destitution and hard labor, as child, wife and widow. Forlorn in soul as well as in body, accustomed from sunrise to sunset to drudge on in the most degrading of services, and then to go back to a lonely home, she lived on, from day to day, without joy and without God. Her room, her clothes and her person were dirty and slatternly. She had no longings, never wished for a single thing, not even a breath of pure air, a refreshing bath, a comfortable home, or to enter the house of God. She never prayed, she never hoped.

One day she had a visitor from the country. A relation, a country boy, came to the city to try his fortune. He brought his cousin a present from his mother—a pot of geranium. It was already dark when he came. After he had gone, the woman set the pot of geranium on the window-sill, and went to bed without giving it a thought. When she woke up, however, her first glance fell on the geranium, whose green leaves and deep red flowers shone in the morning sun. All the while she was dressing she could not turn her eyes from it, and the first thing she did was to fetch some water in her jug to pour upon the flower. The fact of having the water-jug in her hand put it into her head to wash herself. Then she went to the poor cellar where she was wont to get her breakfast, and then to her place of work.

When she returned in the evening, she found that she was not feeling as hot and tired as usual, though she had worked harder than ever. As there was still some water in the jug, she cleaned the window, because the filth upon it was in such contrast to the glowing geranium.

The next morning she awoke earlier and happier than ever before, for the light shone in, broad and full, through the cleaned window-pane. Again she fetched water for the flower and for herself. But now in the unusual light that glowed in the room, the uncleanness of the floor, the dust on the furniture, came plainly to view. So the woman kneeled down, scrubbed the floor, dusted the walls and the furniture, and made up her bed.

When she came home in the twilight, she

had earned more than her usual wages, having worked harder. Yet she passed her time before going to sleep in mending and cleaning her clothes. So powerful already was the charm of two days' domestic labor, that it won a mastery over her.

Ever since she had owned a geranium herself, she found that she paid more attention to other people's flowers. This made her observe the pretty curtains which hung within so many of the windows. She sought from among her pieces for a bit of old muslin, and hung it about her own window. As she found at the same time one or two bits of old linen, she mended and washed these and hemmed them into a table-cloth. How different, how inviting did the little room look now!

So it came about that the woman, no longer ashamed of her own appearance, determined, one beautiful Sunday morning, to go to walk. She went through a gate into a park, walked slowly under the trees, and lingered often to look at the flowers that bloomed in the well-ordered garden-beds. Then she took her way out of the park and passed hedges of roses and sweet brier, and looked at the charming landscape beyond. At last she reached an open space, in the midst of which stood a little church, all overgrown with ivy. Through its open doors there sounded the tones of an organ, and allured the woman, with its soft invitation, to come in where the candles were burning on the altar. There the priest was standing, and the voices of innocent children sung:—

"Alone though I wander
In darkness below,
The Father is with me
Wherever I go!

"All praise be to Jesus,
Who shows me the way,
All praise to the dear God,
Who hears when I pray."

Then, when the organ and the singing had ceased, the priest, a venerable man, said, "Let us pray." She knelt down and began: "Our Father."

Ah, it was long years since she had stammered forth this prayer, leaning against her mother's knee. A sensation of sorrow, wholly strange to her till now, came over her. It was like a sharp bodily agony. It was the remembrance of the joyless days of childhood; miserable, yet more holy than her elder years.

Poor woman, she went home weeping. When she came again to her room, she looked over the old chest, and took out from it a book, dusty and soiled by time, not by use. She had nearly forgotten how to read, but the words of the Holy Scriptures are so easy.

"Before she went to sleep she knelt down and prayed, 'Our Father.' She could not say more, except these words she had just read, 'Lord, forgive my sins.'"

And how had God worked this miracle?

It was but with a pot of geranium that a boy from the country had brought to her. That was all!

MANY, MANY LEAGUES OF SEA.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

A T eve I pace the whiten'd sands,
I wipe my hair with nervous hands,
So thick with dew the shining bands!
I sigh, I moan, oh wearily!
For many, many leagues of sea
Now lie between my love and me!

His lips rein'd kisses on my hair,
He left me standing, trembling there;
He said in words, so soft, so fair—
"I will come back, come back to thee,
Though many, many leagues of sea
May lie between my love and me!"

I wait and wait, for that sweet day,
When he will come again this way—
When he will take my hand and say—
"I come, I come at last to thee!
No more shall weary leagues of sea,
E'er lie between my love and me!"

Oh say not that I wait in vain!
That others watch'd with throbbing brain
For truant ones who never came!
So false to me he could not be,
Though many, many leagues of sea
Do lie between my love and me!

HEEDLESSNESS.

A LAS! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm
And fill the burial sod,
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God.

The wounds I might have healed!

The human sorrow and smart!

And yet it never was in my soul

To play so ill a part;

But evil is wrought by want of thought

As well as want of heart.

Hood.

HONOR YOUR BUSINESS.

WE commend this paragraph, from the *London Economist*, to all who have a "vocation":—

It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or his calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and laboriously destroy all their comfort in the work; or they change their business, and go on miserably, shifting from one thing to another, till the grave or the poor-house gives them a fast grip.

But while occasionally a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into everything that he does. There is not a profession that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected, like all other human pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirit-tiring necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given to him to shed beauty and pleasure upon the homeliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations; for God has given us imagination, not alone to make some poets, but to enable all men to beautify homely things. Heart varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects. Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which he may develop an honest pride.

NOTHING so adorns the face as cheerfulness. When the heart is in flower, its bloom and beauty pass to the features.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR KITCHEN-GARDEN VEGETABLES.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

Lecturer on Botany at the Charing Cross Hospital, London.

HUMBOLDT in his essay upon the geography of plants (*Essai sur la Géo-graphie des plantes*, 1807, p. 28), says: "The country in which the vegetables originated which are commonly cultivated, is a secret as impenetrable as the first dwelling-place of our domestic animals. We are ignorant of the country in which the grasses first originated, which furnished nutriment to the Mongolian and Caucasian races. We know not in what country our cerealia grew spontaneously—our wheat, oats, rye. The plants which constitute the natural riches of the inhabitants of the tropics—the banana, papaw, cassava, and maize, have never yet been found in a wild state. The potato presents the same phenomena."

So late, therefore, as the commencement of the present century, the origin of the plants commonly cultivated as food by man, was lost in the mists of a remote antiquity. A miraculous intervention of the Deity was even invoked, and man was supposed to have received directly from the gods, the cerealia and other valuable food-plants. But since the time of Humboldt, the wild potato has been found growing in the greatest abundance in South America; the papaw, by Mangraaf, in the forests of Brazil; and Olwier and Bruguières in travelling through Western Asia—the cradle of the European race—have found wild rye and barley. Thus, year by year, the progress of geographical and botanical researches conduces to more certain and simple ideas on the origin of cultivated plants, so that our best naturalists now, instead of supposing, as formerly, miraculous phenomena, or revolutions in the physical geography of the earth's surface, are all agreed that it is highly probable that all our cultivated plants have originally descended from some wild form, and that probably some day at no very distant period, we shall know in a spontaneous state the immense majority, perhaps the totality of our cultivated species.

M. Alphonse de Candolle gives a list of eighty-five plants commonly cultivated, of which the wild forms have been found. We will, however, restrict ourselves to the wild originals of our common kitchen-garden plants, or table vegetables, as these furnish an abundance of curious and interesting material for

discussion. We begin with that well-known vegetable

The POTATO (*Solanum tuberosum*). This plant belongs to the natural order *Solanaceæ*, and is closely related to the tobacco-plant, belladonna, henbane, nightshade, and other poisonous narcotics. But although the same poisonous principle exists in the potato plant, it is confined to its stem, foliage and fruit, and is wholly absent from its roots or underground tubers, the parts of the plants used as food. When potatoes still attached to the growing plant become exposed to the light, the epidermis assumes a greenish color, and the poisonous principle then develops itself. Such potatoes are totally unfit for human food. The potato-plant has a stem from one and a half to two feet high, with interruptedly pinnate leaves, which are composed of from five to seven pairs of lanceolate, oval leaflets, having lesser ones between them; the flowers are bluish white, with orange-yellow, slightly cohering anthers, which are succeeded by a green globose berry, about half an inch in diameter. The tubers or potatoes produced by the plant, are simply subterranean branches, arrested and thickened in their growth in place of being elongated. The common idea that all the subterranean portions of a plant are roots, is quite erroneous; for the production of leaf-buds or leaf-scars, always characterizes a stem wherever situated, and that the tuber or potato is a true stem, is therefore proved by the eyes on its surface, which are true subterranean leaf-buds. Hence the well-known method of propagating the potato, by cutting its tuber or stem into pieces, when each piece if provided with an eye, will grow and become an independent plant.

The potato is a native of South America, and is found in abundance, wild, in the mountainous regions of Chili, Peru, and the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres. Its presence in Mexico, Virginia, and the Carolinas, where it was subsequently found, is probably not very ancient. It is thought that it may have been introduced there from South America by the first Spanish settlers. The potato was first grown by Sir Walter Raleigh, at Youghal, in Ireland, in 1586. The samples planted came from the Carolinas. The gardener who planted them

thought that the green potato apples were the potatoes, and carried them to his master, expressing at the same time his very great disgust at such produce. Sir Walter, pretending to sympathize, told him to dig up the useless weed and throw it away. The man hurried back, and in digging up and rooting out the plants, of course discovered the true potatoes, which was the very thing intended by Sir Walter in giving the order. More than a bushel of fine potatoes were found, and the gardener returned to show the samples in a very different humor, fully appreciating the joke which his honored master had perpetrated at his expense.

The soil and climate of Ireland are very favorable to the growth of good potatoes, and the plant appears to have rapidly grown into favor in Ireland, and was cultivated there as food long before its value was acknowledged in Great Britain.

In both England and Scotland a prejudice existed against it, owing to the poisonous character of the plants of the natural order to which it belongs, and the resemblance of its flowers to the woody night-shade (*Solanum dulcamara*), an extremely common plant, well known to be poisonous. Almost everywhere the same prejudice prevailed; in France, especially, and it was not until a time of great scarcity, during the Revolution, that its culture in that country became general.

For more than one hundred and fifty years after its cultivation by Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland, the potato was cultivated in flower gardens only, in both England and Scotland.

Even in 1725 the few potato plants in the gardens about Edinburgh were left in the same spot from year to year. No attempt was made at a more extended culture. In 1728, however, a Scotch day-laborer, named Thomas Prentice, living near Kilayth, Shropshire, carefully cultivated the potato as food, and after supplying the wants of his own family, sold the remainder of the produce to his neighbors, who very willingly paid him his own price, being convinced, by his example, that potatoes were wholesome and nutritious. Prentice was frugal and industrious, and soon found himself in possession of two hundred pounds, or fourteen hundred dollars—no small fortune in those days. He now sank his capital in an annuity at a good interest, dying in the year 1792, at the advanced age of eighty-six (potatoes evidently agreed with him), having been sixty-four years a happy witness to the effects

of the blessing which he had been instrumental in conferring on his country.

The potato was taken into favor much earlier in England. At a meeting of the Ray Society, held March 18th, 1662, a letter, recommending the planting of potatoes, was read by Mr. Buckland, a Somersetshire gentleman. This letter was referred to a committee, who reported favorably, and Mr. Buckland received the thanks of the society. From this time the field culture of the potato commenced, and rapidly extended as its excellent qualities became known. A plant so nutritious as the potato, and whose culture is adapted to almost every soil and clime, must be regarded as amongst the choicest gifts of Providence. Our countrymen have since done ample justice to this plant, for now, wherever the Englishman seeks a home, he always strives to naturalize the potato plant, and even when surrounded by the luxuries of tropical lands, remembers the simple vegetable which was so long struggling into notice in his own country.

The PARSNIP (*Pastinaca sativa*). This plant belongs to the natural order of umbelliferae, and is closely allied to the carrot, celery and parsley, which are also umbelliferous plants. It is a native of Britain, of different parts of Europe, and has been extensively naturalized in the United States. The wild parsnip, cultivated for two or three years in rich garden mould, acquires all the characters of the cultivated form, and when the garden-plant escapes into uncultivated ground, it speedily reverts back to its originally wild and degenerate condition. Parsnips appear to have been very early reclaimed from a wild state, for Pliny tells us that parsnips were cultivated on the banks of the Rhine, and were brought from thence to supply the tables of the Roman emperors.

The stem of the parsnip is herbaceous, upright and furrowed; the leaves pinnate, sheathing the stem at the base, and composed of oval, slightly lobed, and incised leaflets. The flowers are small, yellow and disposed in umbels, the fruit dividing into two seed-like pieces, as is usual with umbelliferous plants. The root of the wild plant is spindle-shaped, sweet and mucilaginous, but nevertheless somewhat woody, and with a slight degree of acrimony, which it loses by cultivation. In the wild plant the leaves are downy, but when cultivated they become smooth.

The parsnip is one of the hardest plants of the kitchen-garden, as it remains uninjured in the severest weather; indeed, by many, the

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parsnip is not esteemed until it has been frost-bitten. There is generally a great consumption of parsnips in Catholic countries along with the salt fish eaten during Lent.

The CARROT (*Daucus carota*). This plant grows wild in England and Europe, where it is indigenous, and in the United States, where it has been naturalized. The leaves, flowers, and even the fruit of the wild carrot are exactly similar to that of the cultivated plant; but the root, in the wild state, is white, dry, woody, and strongly flavored; when cultivated, it becomes sweet and succulent, and of a red yellow, or pale straw-color, showing in a remarkable way the improvement which may be effected by culture.

We know by the experiments of M. Vilmorin, that the wild carrot sown in good land, becomes similar to the cultivated species at the end of some generations; and inversely, that the cultivated carrot returns to the wild form, if planted in bad land, in the course of a few generations. There can be no manner of doubt, therefore, but that the garden variety has descended originally from the wild form. The carrot was cultivated at a very early epoch even by the Greeks and Romans. It is very difficult to say how its nutritive character was first discovered.

The CABBAGE (*Brassica oleracea*). This plant belongs to the natural order Crucifere (*crux*, a cross; *fero*, to bear), in allusion to the petals of the flowers, which are usually four in number, and arranged in the form of a Maltese cross. The turnip, horseradish, watercress, and mustard, all belong to the same natural order. This plant grows wild on European sea-shores and various places on the English coast; for instance, at Dover and Penzance, where the shores are rocky. In spring the sea-cabbage may be gathered and eaten. The Latin word *Brassica* is derived from the Celtic *Bresic*. The sea-cabbage was, no doubt, resorted to as food by the early inhabitants of Great Britain, long before any attempt was made at cultivation.

The leaves of the wild cabbage are lyrate, glaucous, wavy, the plant occasionally growing from one to two feet high; the flowers are light yellow, the pods erect. A great number of varieties have been produced by cultivation. It is generally believed by botanists that the white and red cabbage, Savoy, borecoles, brocoli, and cauliflower have all originally sprung from the wild cabbage of the sea-coasts. These varieties of the cabbage illustrate in the most striking manner the changes which are produced in species by cultivation. Now, when

varieties reproduce themselves permanently they become races, and there is evidence that some of these races have been cultivated from the earliest times of which we have any record. Take, for example, the permanent variety of the red cabbage (*Brassica oleracea var rubra*), now chiefly used for pickling, which was known to the Romans. The cabbage was most likely first cultivated in Great Britain by the Saxons. It was such a favorite with them that they called the second month of the year *Sprout-kale*.

All the varieties of the garden cabbage may be classed under two leading subdivisions: 1. Headless cabbages, such as Brocoli, the leaves of which continue expanded, never forming a head. 2. Close headed cabbages, such as the Savoy, and white and red cabbage, whose concave leaves densely imbricated over each other form a close, compact head before flowering. Brussels sprouts are only a variety of the Savoy, with an elongated stem, from the sides of which, just above the scars left by the fallen leaves, spring out small green heads like cabbages in miniature. In the cauliflower we eat the fleshy flower, stalks, and undeveloped buds, which are crowded together into a compact mass. The cauliflower was first brought from the Isle of Cyprus, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Brocoli is only a sub-variety of the cauliflower, distinguished from it by the dark green or purple color of the head. It is also a much hardier plant, and stands the winter.

The TURNIP (*Brassica campestris*). This plant grows spontaneously all over Europe, from the Baltic to the Caucasus; it is also found wild in many parts of England, by the sides of rivers, ditches and marshes; but in this instance is probably not indigenous. The wild form has hispid, lyrate, root-leaves; those of stem smooth and amplexicaule or stem-clasping; the flowers are yellow; the pod cylindrical. Several varieties of turnip have resulted from its cultivation; as, for example, the common white Swedish turnip and the rutabaga, the root of which is yellowish and sub-globose. The rutabaga has long been grown in Sweden and Germany, and was probably known to the ancients. Another variety of turnip is largely cultivated in France for the oil contained in its seeds, which, under the name of Cobza oil is used for lamps, giving a very brilliant light. The Greeks, Romans, and Celts cultivated the turnip; its original country is doubtful on account of the facility with which it becomes naturalized out of cultivated ground.

We would recommend our readers, if they have leisure, to prosecute this inquiry, as it will be found most interesting in connection with the early periods of human history. It is also an important inquiry, because it has a direct bearing on those formidable questions as to the "Origin of Species," as to the amount of variability of which species are susceptible, and the causes by which that variability has

been produced; and lastly as to the geological epoch at which existing species were first introduced; questions which the best naturalists find it so difficult to answer, and which will only be understood when natural history is much more advanced than it is at present, and the links discovered which unite the present plant-forms with those which have preceded them.

THE COSTERMONGER'S DONKEY.

"**H**O! ho! You look a little down in the world, my friend."

"Do I?" answered the costermonger's donkey, standing half asleep whilst his master was selling cabbages. "It's likely enough, for business has been bad lately, and I haven't had so much to eat. I've had to make out with precious little hay, and to put up with odds and ends of stale greens and things."

"The more donkey you!" cried the smart little pony in the milkman's cart, that had been the first speaker, and with a flower in his head presented a very spruce appearance. "I'd see if I would stand it! What have your master's profits to do with you? Isn't he bound to keep you well, whether he gets any or not? I pity you, I do indeed; you're very hard done by. I dare say you're half-starved, and get blows into the bargain?"

The donkey said he was sure he got blows, and now he came to think of it, he certainly was half-starved.

"Then be a donkey of spirit, and stick up for your rights! It doesn't do to be too good-natured in this world, you get so imposed upon. Take my advice, and stick up for your rights."

"But how?"

"Kick for them," replied the pony, trotting off jauntily.

It had never before occurred to the costermonger's donkey to consider himself at all ill-used. He fared well when his master fared well, and had been contented to take the good times with the bad. But then nobody had ever hinted to him before that he had any rights, and, as he had never discovered it for himself, he had been perfectly contented and easy in his mind. He was very fond of the hand that fed him, and also of little Jack, his master's son, who always treated him well, and very often brought him a piece of bread to eat, or some nice green leaves.

But Mr. Donkey had very long ears, and the bad advice having once entered them, he could not get it out of his head. He went home when the daily rounds were over in a very reflective frame of mind, and when little Jack left him in his stable he had no answer to make to the child's parting caress; for the consciousness of his wrongs was rapidly growing strong within him. He could not imagine how it was that he had never felt his hardships before.

"Here's a supper to give a poor donkey, when he comes home, tired and hungry, after a hard day's work! And here's a place to be put into, with scarcely room enough to turn my head in, and holes so big in the roof I can see the sky through! It's shameful to treat a donkey so. Don't I spend my whole time in slaving for my master? This is all I get for my pains—a little mouldy hay, some nasty dirty water, a few odd scraps not fit for a pig to eat, and a stable that lets in all the cold and rain! Ah! my friend the pony is right; I shall have to kick for it, that's certain."

How long the donkey would have gone on lamenting his newly-discovered hardships, I cannot say, for he was interrupted by a sharp little laugh. The stable was in truth small enough, but it had other occupants besides the donkey. Little Jack's dog always slept there, and sometimes a neighboring black cat came in to take a nap. Then there were some rats that paid occasional visits; and it was one of these, now perched on the hay-rack, coaxing his whiskers in a very foppish manner, and laughing with all his might, that had interrupted the donkey.

"Pray excuse me," said the rat, "but I really couldn't help it. It is such fun to see a donkey in a passion!"

"Don't you think I've every right to be, Mr. Rat?" said the donkey, meekly, for he was very slow to take offence unless some one put it into

his head; "oughtn't I to stick up for my rights?"

"Oh! certainly," replied the rat; "but this is the first time I ever heard of donkeys having any rights."

"And why shouldn't they, as well as other creatures?"

"Well, you see, I divide the world into two halves—those who live by their own wits and those who live on other people's. I can see the rights of the one half, but not of the second. Perhaps," and here the rat gave a graceful whisk of his tail, which was his mode of bowing, "you can enlighten me, as you are of one class, and I of the other."

But this was quite too much for the donkey's brains, so he shook his head undecidedly, not exactly knowing what the rat meant.

"It strikes me," continued the latter, for he was glib of tongue, and fond of hearing his own wag, "that those only have rights who are able to take them for themselves. You might wait a long time, Mr. Donkey, before any one else would give them to you. Besides, nobody agrees about the rights of other people. I go down the drains and get into shops and houses, and help myself to a good meal off the cheese and bread or bacon I find there, thinking I have a perfect right to do so. How could I live if I didn't? Nobody would help me. But, on the other hand, the people whose things I eat, think they have a right to catch me—if they can!—in ugly traps, and then kill me. Now, I don't agree to that at all. I dare say your master thinks, as he is at the expense of feeding you, that he has quite a right to make you work as hard as he can."

The donkey, not at all understanding what the rat said, thought it amazingly clever. But, having no answer to make, he contented himself by repeating his first remark—

"I dare say what you say is true, Mr. Rat, but I mean to kick for my rights, and I won't work until I get 'em."

Upon this, the rat went into such fits of laughter, that he lost his balance, and came tumbling down upon the donkey's back. But nothing upset Mr. Rat; he always alighted on his feet.

"Well, I wish you luck," he said, shaking himself, and smoothing out his whiskers; "don't kick the wrong way, that's all! I must be off, for since these nasty new-fashioned trapped drains came in, I have had a hard fight for a living. Where once I could get into twenty houses, I can't get into one now."

The donkey passed a troubled night resolving

upon his plan of action, and slept so late in the morning, that, when little Jack came to fetch him, he was still snoring. It takes a long time for a donkey to get really awake, so his master had harnessed him in the truck before he knew where he was. But as soon as the costermonger had loaded it and was all ready to start, not one inch would the donkey stir. He was broad awake now, and right determined that nothing should induce him to move.

"What can ail the brute?" cried the costermonger, in astonishment at behavior so unusual. "I'll soon teach him how to go!"

But the more his master belabored him, the more extraordinary did the donkey's proceedings become. He put his head between his legs and kicked with all his might; he tried to rear, but found that a little beyond him, so danced about in the wildest manner. Quite a crowd gathered round to look on, and the donkey, feeling quite proud at having so many spectators, kicked higher than ever; so high, indeed, that over came the truck, and fish, vegetables, coals, and all its contents were scattered in the gutter and the mud.

"He must be mad!" cried the costermonger, horrified at so unexpected a catastrophe; "he never served me such a trick in his life before, and I've had him for years! It will half ruin me."

And he stood and stared aghast at his sinning donkey, helpless under the misfortune that had fallen upon him.

"I'll tell you what it is," said a beer-man, looking on with a half dozen cans in his hand. "The donkey is starved! that's as clear as daylight. See his bones! You take him home and feed him well, and I'll warrant you he'll be quiet enough to-morrow."

So the costermonger, feeling a little guilty in the matter of the donkey's bones, said he would try it; but when you could scarcely feed yourself, it was hard work to feast your donkey. Little Jack helped his father to pick up all the scattered goods, and then they turned sorrowfully home, leading the triumphant donkey between them. The coals were half wasted in the mud, and everything had to be sold at a dreadfully reduced profit; so the costermonger went to bed that night a melancholy man. But the donkey had gained his point, and after eating an excellent supper slept the sleep of the successful.

To make his purchases, the costermonger went every day to the markets with his truck, bringing home a heavy load of goods. He har-

nessed the donkey that morning in fear and trembling, after giving him a good breakfast, for what would become of him if his donkey wouldn't go?

If the latter were mad yesterday, he seemed doubly mad to-day! He danced from one side of the road to the other, and kicked and capered until the costermonger was fairly driven out of his wits. How could he get to the markets at this rate? and if he couldn't get to the markets, where was his food, and Jack's, and the donkey's to come from?

"You feed your donkey too well, my friend," said a man selling hot potatoes at the corner of the street. "I'd soon take them tricks out of him if he were mine. You starve him a day, and see if he isn't as quiet as a lamb to-morrow! Over-fed animals always kick."

So the costermonger took the donkey home, and not a morsel did he get to eat all that day and night. At least, he only had two old cabbage-leaves which little Jack brought him before it was dark.

"Do be a good donkey to-morrow," said the child, coaxing the former's nose. "Father had to walk all the way to market, and mother is crying because there is no money to buy anything with, and I've hardly had any supper. It's all your fault, donkey; do be good to-morrow!" Then the child crept away, and I believe Mr. Donkey would have listened to him, only he thought the pony would laugh at him if he did. Presently the cur came in for the night.

"I don't know what you've got into your head," he said, snappishly; "but you are certainly the biggest donkey that I ever saw! I heard you talking of your precious rights with the rat the other night, and I suppose your head is filled with that folly; but I can tell you your rights will end in everybody else's wrongs, and your own ruin. How do you think our master can keep you if you prevent him from keeping himself? Oh! you stupid donkey! If you had a grain of sense you'd see it is your duties and not your rights you want to look after. But what can one expect of a donkey?"

Mr. Donkey was of course not going to listen to the cur. He had known him all his life, and therefore thought nothing of his opinion. What *could* a cur know that had tramped by his side for years?

Provoked by his long fast, the donkey was more obstinate than ever the next morning; he would not even allow himself to be harnessed, and his master had hard work to hold him.

"Ah!" sighed the costermonger in despair, "everybody knows what to do with a bad donkey, except the one that's got him! I have stuffed the brute, and starved him, but it's all to no good. Nothing goes well with me—not even my own donkey!" In sorrow he led the donkey back to his stable.

"Yesterday, the young man who is going to start in the hearthstone line offered to buy him at a bargain. I'll sell the donkey—that's what I'll do, and Jack and I must drag the truck ourselves. We can't sell coals then, and it will be a sad loss; but if we go on at this rate we shall be ruined," said the costermonger to his wife. "Who can do anything with a kicking donkey?"

When he heard that he was going to be sold, Mr. Donkey was enchanted, and thought he had managed his affairs with wonderful wisdom. It did not enter his head that a change may be for the worse as well as the better, for donkeys' heads are rather thick, and it takes a long time to get anything either in or out of them; so he trotted forth to be looked at by the hearthstone-man in the highest spirits.

The bargain was made, and he walked off by the side of his new master, anticipating great things. Even little Jack's tears at parting scarcely made him sorry, he was so pleased at his new fortune.

"I must clip you, you ugly little brute; you don't match my cart at all, with all that shaggy hair hanging about you!"

So the hearthstone-man borrowed a pair of shears and clipped the donkey as bare as a piece of India-rubber. Never having had his hair cut before, he thought his last hour was come, and shivered like a leaf.

"Now you look spruce and lively," said his master, gazing at his work in admiration.

"I do believe I'm skinned!" thought the trembling donkey, feeling anything but lively; "perhaps my ears and tail are gone, they don't seem anywhere about me."

Finding after a time that these parts of him were safe, and being put in a bright new cart, painted scarlet and green, the donkey began to fancy his position in life very high indeed.

"I shall soon give up this trade," said the hearthstone-man, giving the donkey an ungrateful kick as he took him out of the cart, when the day was over; "why, I haven't sold enough to buy my salt with! It doesn't seem a paying business at all."

He forgot that one doesn't make a business in a day, being a young man of flighty mind, and quite persuaded that his new cart and

dapper donkey would carry the world before them.

"I wonder if my new stable will be as smart as my master's cart," thought the donkey, as, tied by a halter to a post in the mud, he waited patiently to be shown into it. "I should like a green and scarlet stable!" Hour after hour passed, and Mr. Donkey grew frightfully cold and hungry. He had had nothing to eat since dinner-time excepting a few scraps he had picked up for himself; and to aggravate the miseries of hunger and cold, a pelting rain began to fall, and he felt himself wet through, not to the skin, for that was soaked in a moment, but to his uttermost inside.

"Alas!" wept the forlorn donkey, the rain washing away his tears, "what a cruel man my new master must be to leave me in this plight! My old master wouldn't have served me so!" He tried to sleep, but it is hard work to sleep with an empty stomach in the pouring rain, even for a donkey, and not a wink did he get.

The next morning he felt wretchedly ill. He was stiff all over, and had a very bad cold in his head.

He did his day's work in the lowest spirits. Even his ears hung listlessly down, and depression was written in every line of his tail.

"I shall give up this trade and set up an oyster stall if I don't get on better to-morrow," said his master, more angry than before with the result of the next day's trading. "I shant want a donkey then, and can sell him to buy the oysters with."

The morrow was no better, and the hearthstone-man resolved to take back the donkey to his old master and see if he would like to have him again. The donkey's sides trembled with joy and excitement when he found himself face to face with little Jack once more. Oh! if he could only return to his old quarters he would never kick for his rights again, that was certain. Three miserable nights and days had he passed since he left his old home, ill-treated, half-starved, rheumatic! This was enough to teach even a donkey wisdom. "Why," said the costermonger, "what do you take me for? D'ye think I'd take a donkey back as wouldn't go when I'd got him? I sold him at a precious loss, and I aint going to lose by him again."

"But he's been as quiet as an angel since I've had him," urged the hearthstone-man, who was terribly anxious to change his donkey into oysters. "Never did I set eyes on a meeker lamb, never! I've clipped him, you see; I think all that hair hanging about him made him vicious."

"Clipped him!" repeated the other contemptuously; "I should think you have clipped him! Why, he aint half the size he was, and consekintly aint worth half as much. He'll want twice as much to eat; cold takes a deal out of a donkey."

The poor donkey shivered in acknowledgment of the truth of this assertion, for he felt that the cold had indeed taken a great deal out of him.

"I sells him a bargain and I buys him a bargain," shouted his old master, when the hearthstone-man had turned away with the donkey to seek another purchaser. "You see, he's an old friend, and I'm willin' to see how he'll behave himself, if you'll let me have him at my own price."

So the donkey changed hands once more, and was led back to his old stable by little Jack, a wiser and a better donkey. What a palace it seemed to him now!

The costermonger had discovered that to carry on his business without a donkey was impossible, and was not a little pleased to get his own back so cheaply, a reformed character.

"Holloa!" cried the rat, peeping in through the hole in the roof; "so here we are again, Mr. Donkey! And how about your rights?"

"I've kicked them all to pieces," answered the latter, gravely.

"Bravo! that's the very first time in my life I ever heard a donkey say anything witty! Well, one lives to learn—even from donkeys!" and the rat scampered off laughing.

HAPPY WOMEN.

IMPATIENT women, as you wait
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
The sound of steps that, soon or late,
Shall come as music to your ear;

Forget yourselves a little while,
And think in pity of the pain
Of women who will never smile
To hear a coming step again.

With babes that in their cradle sleep,
Or cling to you in perfect trust;
Think of the mothers left to weep,
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes
And all your world is full of light,
O women, safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night!

PEREGRINE CARY.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

[From Mr. Alger's exceedingly interesting volume, "Friendships of Women," we take this romantic story.]

THE most remarkable instance in history, perhaps, of a pair of female friends is the romantic example of the Ladies of Llangollen, whose story, widely renowned two generations ago, is now obliterated from popular knowledge, save in meagre literary allusions.

A little after the middle of the eighteenth century, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, two young women of wealth and high station, formed an extreme mutual attachment, and were possessed with an ardent desire to forsake the world, and devote their lives to each other. Taking measures accordingly, they departed to an obscure retreat in the country. Their relatives frowned on this eccentricity, traced them out in their hiding-place, and despite their protestations, separated them, and brought them back. But they soon effected a second elopement, which proved a successful and permanent one. Confiding the place of their flight only to a single faithful servant, they sacrificed, in the prime of their lives, the prizes and the glare of the fashionable world, and settled down in a secret nook of beauty and peace. In the romantic valley of Llangollen, in Wales, one of the sweetest and quietest spots on earth, they bought a charming cottage, fitted it up with every comfort, and adorned it with exquisite taste. Here, in this remote and lovely haunt, amply provided with books, pictures, and other means of culture, giving themselves up to the enjoyment of their own society, they lived together in uninterrupted contentment for nearly three-score years. For a long period, their neighbors, ignorant of their names, knew them only as the "Ladies of the Vale." For a quarter of a century, it is said, they never spent twenty-four hours at a time out of their happy valley.

They seem never to have fallen out, never to have wearied of each other, never to have repented of their repudiation of public life. By books and correspondence, they kept up a close connection with the brilliant world they had deserted. The romance of their action, penetrating far and wide, through cultivated circles, brought many distinguished visitors to their hospitality—literary and titular celebrities from all parts of great Britain, likewise from

the continent. Many of these became fast friends to them; and in letters to other persons, speak of their fine qualities of sentiment and taste, their engaging traits of character and manners. Madame Genlis writes rapturously of her tarry with them, the charms of their residence, and especially the Æolian harp, which she there heard for the first time, amid the befitting associations of the mystic legends and natural minstrelsy of Welsh landscape. Mrs. Tighe also, the winsome but unfortunate authoress of the "Loves of Psyche and Cupid," on departing from their cottage, after a delighted stay, left upon her table a beautiful sonnet addressed to them.

But Miss Anna Seward, between whom and the pair of friends a warm affection was cherished, has given the fullest description known to us of the home and habits of the Ladies of Llangollen. She thought that the compliment Hayley paid to Miers, the miniature painter—

His magic pencil in its narrow space
Pours the full portion of uninjured grace—

might be transferred to the talents and exertion which converted a cottage in two acres and a half of turnip ground, to a fairy palace amid the bowers of Calypso. It consisted of four small apartments; the exquisite cleanliness of the kitchen, its utensils and auxiliary offices, vying with the finished elegance of the lightsome little dining-room, that contrasted with the gloomy grace of the library into which it opened. This room was fitted up in the Gothic style, the door and large sash windows of that form—the latter of painted glass, shedding a dim religious light. Candles were seldom admitted into this apartment. The ingenious friends had invented a kind of prismatic lantern, which occupied the whole elliptic arch of the Gothic door. This lantern was of cut glass, variously colored, inclosing two lamps with their reflectors. The light it imparted resembled that of a volcano—sanguine and solemn. It was assisted by two glow-worm lamps, that, in little marble reservoirs, stood on the opposite chimney-piece. These supplied the place of the daylight, when the dusk of evening sabled, or night wholly involved the solitude. A large Æolian harp was fixed in one of the windows; and, when the weather permitted them to be open, it

breathed its deep tones to the gale, swelling and softening as that rose and fell.

Ah me! what hand can touch the strings so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
And let them down again into the soul?

This saloon of the two Minervas, Miss Seward says, contained the finest editions, superbly bound, and arranged in neat wire cases, of the best authors in prose and verse, which the English, French, and Italian languages boast. Over them hung the portraits in miniature, and some in larger ovals, of the favored friends of these celebrated votaries to the sentiment which exalted the characters of Theseus and Peirithous, of David and Jonathan.

The way and shaded gravel-walk which encircled this elysium was enriched with curious shrubs and flowers. It was nothing in extent, everything in grace and beauty and in variety of foliage. In one part of it you turned upon a small knoll, which overhung a deep, hollow glen. At the tangled bottom of this glen, a frothing brook leaped and clamored over the rough stones in its channel. A large spreading beech canopied the knoll, and beneath its boughs a semilunar seat admitted four persons. It had a fine effect to enter the Gothic library at dusk, as Miss Seward says she first entered it. The prismatic lantern diffused a light gloomily glaring, assisted by the paler flames of the little lamps on the chimney-piece. Through the open windows was shown a darkling view of the lawn, of the concave shrubbery of tall cypresses, yews, laurels, and lilacs, of the wooded amphitheatre on the opposite hill, and of the gray, barren mountain which forms the background. The evening star had risen above the mountain; and the airy harp rang loudly to the breeze, completing the magic of the scene.

And what of the enchantresses themselves, beneath whose wand these graces arose? Lady Eleanor was of middle height, and somewhat over-plump, her face round and fair, with the glow of luxuriant health. She had not fine features, but they were agreeable—enthusiasm in her eye, hilarity and benevolence in her smile. She had uncommon strength and fidelity of memory, an exhaustless fund of knowledge, and her taste for works of imagination, particularly for poetry, was very awakened; and she expressed all she felt with an ingenuous ardor, at which cold-spirited beings stared. Both the ladies read and spoke most of the modern languages, and were warm admirers of

the Italian poets, especially of Dante. Miss Ponsonby, somewhat taller than her friend, was neither slender nor otherwise, but very graceful. Easy, elegant, yet pensive was her address; her voice kind and low. A face rather long than round, a complexion clear, but without bloom, with a countenance whose soft melancholy lent it peculiar interest. If her features were not beautiful, they were very attractive and feminine. Though the pensive spirit within permitted not her dimples to make her smile mirthful, they increased its sweetness, and, consequently, her power of engaging the affections. We could see, through the veil of shading reserve, that all the talents and accomplishments which enriched the mind of Lady Eleanor, existed with equal power in her charming friend.

Such are the portraits drawn by Miss Seward, of the two extraordinary women, who, in the bosom of their deep retirement, were sought by the first characters of the age, both as to rank and talents. To preserve that retirement from too frequent invasion, they were obliged to be somewhat coy of approach. Yet they were generous in a select hospitality; and when, towards the end of their lives they welcomed a coming guest, Miss Martineau says it was a singular sight to see these ancient ladies, in their riding habits, with their rolled and powdered hair, their beaver hats, and their notions and manners of the last century. When we consider their intellectual resources, their energy and industry, their interludes of company and correspondence, we need not be surprised at the assertion they made to one of their most intimate visitors—that neither the long summer's day, nor winter's night, nor weeks of imprisoning snows, had ever inspired one weary sensation, one wish of returning to the world they had abandoned.

Anna Seward had so interested Lady Butler and Miss Ponsonby in the character of her dear friend, Honora Sneyd, by the sonnet addressed to her, which she showed them, by impassioned descriptions of her loveliness, as well as by the celebrated poem on the fate of Major André, that the two ladies were desirous of possessing a portrait of the deceased beauty. With great pains, Anna succeeded in obtaining for them a copy of what was a perfect image of her—Romney's ideal picture of Serena in the "Triumphs of Temper." Writing on it, "Such was Honora Sneyd," she had it framed and glazed, and sent it as a gift to the Ladies of Llangollen. They received it with delight, and hung it in a prominent position.

where the fair giver afterwards had the pleasure of gazing on it with romantic emotion.

Miss Seward paid several happy tributes in verse to her admired friends. One of these written at the close of a prolonged visit, began thus:—

Oh, Cambrian Tempe! Oft with transport hailed,
I leave thee now, as I did ever leave
Thee and thy peerless mistresses, with heart
Where lively gratitude and fond regret,
For mastery serve.

She also published, in a little volume by itself, an enthusiastic poem in praise of the Cambrian Arden, Llangollen Valley, adorned with an engraving of the landscape as seen from the home of Rosalind and Celia. They fully appreciated her affection, and returned it. They sent her the gift of a jewel consisting of the head and lyre of Apollo, making a ring and seal in one. In acknowledgment of this, the pleased and grateful poet wrote, "I have to thank you, dearest ladies, for a beautiful but too costly present. It is a fine gem in itself, and a rich and elegant circlet for the finger."

When Lady Butler and Miss Ponsonby left their splendid family residences in Ireland to seek in Wales a retirement where they might spend their days in the culture of letters and friendship, a faithful and affectionate servant who pined for them, after a few months of their absence, set out to search for them in England. She had no clew to direct her pursuit; since, to avoid solicitations to return, they had kept their place of abode secret even from their nearest relatives. Learning, however, of her attempt, they sent for her. She went, and was their fond servitor until her death, thirty years afterwards. Miss Seward once writes to Lady Eleanor, "I was concerned to hear that you had lately been distressed by the illness and alarmed for the life of your good Euryclea. That she is recovering, I rejoice. The loss of a domestic, faithful and affectionate as Orlando's Adam, must have cast more than a transient gloom over the Cambrian Arden: the Rosalind and Celia of real life give Llangollen Valley a right to that title." When this endeared servant died, her mourning mistresses buried her in the grave which they had prepared for themselves, and inscribed above her a cordial tribute in verse.

Drawn by the pleasing sentiment that invests the story of these ladies, the writer, being then in England, made a pilgrimage from London to Llangollen in the early autumn of 1865.

It was Saturday afternoon when I arrived at

the little Welsh Inn. The next morning I found my way to the classic cottage. The fingers of Time had indeed been busy on it. The vestiges of its former glory were still apparent, but the ornaments were crumbled and dim. The prismatic lantern over the door was a mixture of garishness and dust. The bowers were broken, the vines and plants dead, the walks draggled and uneven, the gates rickety, the fences tottering or prostrate. The numerous tokens of art and care in the past made the present ruinousness and desolation more pathetic. I could not help recalling the final couplet of Miss Seward's poem, prophesying the fame of this place:—

While all who honor virtue gently mourn
Llangollen's vanished Pair, and wreath their sacred urn.

Threading the briery dell, and following the brook that prattled down the steep slope, I climbed the hill which directly overhangs the hamlet. It was church-time as I sat down on the top, and slowly drank in the charms of that celebrated landscape. To such a scene, at such an hour, the very heart-strings grow. The fields were clothed with a dense velvety-green. Across the narrow glen, on the strange cone of Dinas Bran, frowned threateningly, in dark mass, unsoftened by distance, the huge, bare fragments of an old castle, the immemorial type of an iron age when the hearts of men were iron. Beneath my feet, the vapors of the morning floated here and there in the sunshine, like torn folds of a satin gauze. A hundred smokes curled from the village chimneys, and the tones of the Sabbath-bells were wafted up to me with no mixture of profane toils. The very cattle seemed to know the holy day, and to browse and gaze, or ruminate and look around, with an unusual assurance of repose and satisfaction. But the spell must be broken, however reluctantly.

Descending into the village, just as the religious service was ended, I went into the churchyard, and copied from the triangular tomb in which the Ladies of Llangollen sleep, with their favorite servant, amid the magical loveliness of the pastoral scenery, these three inscriptions. On the first side:—

IN MEMORY OF MRS. MARY CARRYL,
Deceased 22 November, 1809.

This Monument is erected by Eleanor Butler And Sarah Ponsonby, of Plas Newydd, in this Parish. Released from earth and all its transient woes, She, whose remains beneath this stone repose, Steadfast in faith resigned her parting breath, Looked up with Christian joy, and smiled in death. Patient, industrious, faithful, generous, kind, Her conduct left the proudest far behind.

Her virtues dignified her humble birth,
And raised her mind above this sordid earth.
Attachment (sacred bond of grateful breasts)
Extinguished but with life, this tomb attests;
Reared by two friends who will her loss bemoan,
Till with her ashes here shall rest their own.

On the second side :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
The Right Honorable
LADY ELEANOR CHARLOTTE BUTLER,
Late of Plas Newydd, in this Parish,
Deceased 2d June, 1829,
Aged Ninety Years,

Daughter of the Sixteenth, Sister of the Seventeenth,
Earls of Ormond and Ossory,
Aunt to the late and to the present
Marquess of Ormonde.

Endeared to her many friends by an almost
Unequalled excellence of heart, and by manners
Worthy of her illustrious birth, the admiration
And delight of a very numerous acquaintance,
From a brilliant vivacity of mind, undiminished
To the latest period of a prolonged existence.
Her amiable condescension and benevolence
Secured the grateful attachment of those
By whom they had been so long and so
Extensively experienced: her various perfections,
Crowned by the most pious and cheerful
Submission to the Divine Will, can only be
Appreciated where, it is humbly believed, they are
Now enjoying their eternal reward; and by her,
Of whom for more than fifty years they constituted
That happiness which through our blessed Redeemer,
She trusts will be renewed when this Tomb
Shall have closed over its Latest Tenant.

On the third side :—

SARAH PONSONBY
departed this life

On the 9th of December, 1831, aged 76.

She did not long survive her beloved companion,
Lady Eleanor Butler, with whom she had lived in this
Valley for more than half a century of uninterrupted
Friendship.

But they shall no more return to their house, neither
Shall their place know them any more.

In that sequestered valley, how quietly, with
what a blessed joy and peace, their lives kept
the even tenor of their way! Standing beside
their grave, in the shadow of the old church,
while the little Welsh river ran whispering by,
and thinking how the eyes and hearts in which
so long and happy a love had burned, were
now fallen to atoms, and literally mixed in the
dust below, as once they morally mixed in life
above, I felt, What a pity that those thus
blessed cannot live forever! Then I thought,
No, it is better as it is. They were happy.
They drained the best cup existence can offer.
When the world was becoming an infirmary,
and the song of the grasshopper a burden, it
was meet that they should sleep. Those only
are to be pitied who die without the experience
of affection.

THE DYING CHILD.

I KNEW a collier in Staffordshire who had
one dear little girl, the last of four or five.
This child was the light of his eyes; as he
came from the pit at night, she used to meet
him at the door of his cot to welcome him home.
One day when he came in to dinner he missed
his little darling, and going into the house
with his heavy coal-pit clogs, his wife called
him up-stairs. The stillness of the place and
her quiet voice made his heart sick, and a
foreboding of evil came upon him. His wife
told him they were going to lose their little
lamb; she had a convulsive fit, and the doctor
said she couldn't live. As the tears made fur-
rows down his black face, and he leaned over
his darling, she said, "Daddy, sing,

"Here is no rest, is no rest."

"No, my child, I can't sing; I am choking;
I can't sing."

"O do, daddy, sing 'Here is no rest.'"

The poor fellow tried to sing

"Here o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, is no rest."

But his voice could make no way against his
trouble. Then he tried again, for he wanted
to please his sweet little girl.

"Here are afflictions and trials severe,

Here is no rest, is no rest,
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, I am blest."

Again his voice was choked with weeping; but
the little one whispered, "Come, daddy, sing,
'Sweet is the promise,' and the poor father
goes on again:

"Sweet is the promise I read in thy word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord,
They have been called to receive their reward;
There, there is rest, there is rest."

"That's it, daddy," cried the child, "that's
it;" and with her arms around the collier's
neck, she died.

THE Emperor Napoleon I. was reviewing
some troops upon the Place du Carrousel, in
Paris; and in giving an order, he thoughtlessly
dropped the bridle upon his horse's neck, who
instantly set off on a gallop. The Emperor
was obliged to cling to the saddle. At this
moment a common soldier of the line sprang
before the horse, seized the bridle, and handed
it respectfully to the Emperor. "Much obliged
to you, Captain," said the chief, by this one
word making the soldier a captain. The man
believed the Emperor, and, saluting him, asked,
"Of what regiment, sire?" Napoleon, charmed
with his faith, replied, "Of my Guards!" and
galloped off.

THE HOLLANDS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XI.

AGAIN there was company at the Walbridges. This time the arrivals were from New York—a young lady, the only daughter and heiress of a retired banker, “a man whose figures would not foot up short of a million,” to quote Mr. Walbridge, literally. The young lady was accompanied by her aunt, her mother having died several years previous to this visit. Mrs. Ashburn, sister of the latter, herself a widow, had resided for several years in the elegant home of her brother-in-law.

The lady had been a youthful companion of Mrs. Walbridge, and the intimacy between the families had survived the tests of matrimony and maternity.

This aunt was a pleasant, conventional woman of the commonplace type. Given the antecedents of wealth, good breeding, and fashionable society, and the ordinary material, is pretty certain to turn out the mould of Mrs. Ashburn. The lady had no children of her own, and her sister's daughter was her idol. Indeed, Mrs. Ashburn was just fitted to act the rôle of a doating, most indulgent aunt.

Margaret Wheatley, sole heiress of the banker's million, now in her early twenties, was held in society a very irresistible girl; indeed, she was of the sort to which young men always apply inflated adjectives.

I never could bring myself to call her beautiful, in the highest sense of that term; yet I confess to sitting for a half hour together watching the girl, and trying to analyze the charm of her face and manner. She always perplexed me. Even now I find it difficult to paint her physical and moral lineaments for you. Yet, come to test her by anything which she would ever accomplish in the world, Margaret Wheatley was not remarkable. There were no strong forces of heart, soul, mind, in the woman.

But there was some subtle personal charm in her—a charm of speech, motion, manner, which must be taken into large account. She was all glow, grace, life. The white skin, with its clear, wonderful bloom; the blue, large eyes; the deep gold of the hair; the lithe, graceful figure, made their own picture.

There was a brightness, a piquancy in her talk and laughter, which trebled her effect, and

which seemed as purely natural as the fragrance which a newly-opened rose pours out from its life into the sunshine of some June morning.

How often I have watched Margaret Wheatley, asking myself whether this bright, singular attractiveness of hers was a thing of nature or of art, never without a little secret twinge of remorse before I left the question; and to this day I have never answered it to my own satisfaction. But, at any rate, it served its purpose in the world.

Perhaps, if you come to look closely into the matter, the long preservation of the Walbridge and Wheatley friendship, owed itself as much to the social prosperity and dignity of both houses, as to anything else. Adversity on either side would have been likely to chill it, but it flourished greenly during its long summer, the ladies seldom visiting the city without passing a few days at the elegant up town mansion of the banker.

This visit of Margaret and her aunt, though long solicited, occurred rather suddenly. The truth is, the father had taken a sudden alarm at the gay life and late hours in which his daughter was indulging.

The season was not half through, and, looking up the splendid vista, the banker saw a vast avalanche of gayeties and fashionable dissipation about to overwhelm his daughter. That, at least, was the way in which it looked in his eyes, and the man resolved on a sudden retreat.

“The child will be broken down before the winter is over,” he said to his sister-in-law. “Get her out of all this.”

So there were a few telegrams exchanged; and so it came to pass that Margaret Wheatley came in midwinter to the Walbridges.

No girl, unless it might be Jessamine Holland, in a totally different way, had ever got on so well with Duke as did this Margaret Wheatley. She was not just like other girls; she amused and interested him. She talked with him just as freely as she did with his sisters, without any apparent affectations, certainly without any morbid self-consciousness, all of which Duke liked. Then there was the old family friendship, which was a tie of more or less strength between them.

Margaret, it is true, had not visited at the

Walbridges since she was a little girl, when Duke had been her cavalier on all occasions. They had hardly met since that time, but there were old memories to renew, which Margaret did, bringing out their lights in that pleasant sparkle of talk, which, if you came to remember it afterward, or to write it down, would sound very small, but then Duke enjoyed it at the time, and—so did everybody else.

It was gayer than ever at the Walbridges. What a bright, long holiday life was, Jessamine thought, with such people as these. She never could have conceived anything like it, and the old days in Hannah Bray's cottage looked barer and drearier than ever. She must go back to that before long, with a little shiver. "But I will take what the good God sends me now," bravely and wisely putting the rest behind her.

She was glad, too, that Margaret Wheatley had come. The two girls got on remarkably well together, though I think, they were both something of a perplexity to the other, provided Margaret Wheatley ever could be perplexed about anything, and here again I am in the dark.

A million of dollars, however, was something that Jessamine's thought was forever tugging at, but never grasping. It seemed to her such an infinite amount of money, that the wonder to her was, anybody could be comfortable under its weight, could go to sleep in the nights, and rise up in the mornings, and sail smoothly along the days under such overwhelming possessions and responsibilities. It was evident nothing of that sort disturbed Margaret Wheatley, "but then she was born to riches, and I was born to poverty," mused Jessamine Holland; "there's the difference between us."

It seemed to Jessamine, too, about these days, that there grew up something fainter than a shadow betwixt her and Duke Walbridge. She tried to shake off the impression. Would not admit it even to herself, but we know how very faint a film of cloud will blow out some of the stars; and sometimes, it seemed to Jessamine, that she missed some of the stars, a very few, from her sky.

Duke's care and attention suffered no abatement; but was it fancy that their talk did not flow quite so easily as before, that there was some reserve in his manner? "Of course, it was," Jessamine said to herself.

But she was not correct here. From the moment that Revelation, awful in its power and beautiful, had shone upon the soul of Duke Walbridge, some new reverence and awe to-

ward the woman, whom of all the world he loved, had taken possession of him. He could not look at her, treat her with quite the old freedom, when she was so sacred and set apart in his thought, in his heart.

He felt, too, a new sense of unworthiness in Jessamine's presence, as though he had been guilty of temerity in daring to love her. Should he ever take courage to tell her of this? his breath always choking when he thought of it, and so there was a certain relief in turning to Margaret Wheatley, and taking in the cool, fresh breezes of her talk, though all the time Duke's ear was strung to the slightest note of one voice, to the sound of one footfall; he knew when it went and when it came and what it brought and carried with it.

Meantime other eyes and ears were alive to Duke's intimacy with the heiress of a million. The words sounded very pleasantly to Mrs. Walbridge. She knew all they represented of splendor, influence, power.

"Mother," said Edith, one day, when the two ladies were alone for a half hour, "a bright idea has popped into my head."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"If our Duke now, would only fall in love with Margaret, what a splendid thing it would be—a million of dollars doesn't often come with a bride's hand, but it's locked up in hers, and some family must have the fortune, and I don't see why we haven't as good a right to it as anybody else."

"I see no reason why we have not; but Duke is such a curious compound I can never fancy him falling in love with any woman, and long ago I devoted him to old bachelor-dom."

"He's so odd and obstinate, one wouldn't dare to approach the matter with him, just as one would with most of people, I know," said Edith; "but with such a chance as this, it is a burning shame to let it slip—just think, mamma, a million of dollars!"

"I know. Nothing would gratify me more than to have Margaret Wheatley for my daughter-in-law. She is in all respects the kind of wife I should select for Duke, but sons do not often consult their mother's tastes in that regard, and Duke must choose for himself."

Mrs. Walbridge was not aware that the banker's million gave additional lustre to the daughter's virtues and graces.

"Do you mean, mamma, that you have ever suspected Duke fancied Jessamine Holland?"

"I have never made up my mind that he did, although, if the relations betwixt them

were not just what they are, I should long ago have feared the result of their intimacy, but under the circumstances I could not interfere."

"Well," said Edith, with a great deal of tart decision, "nothing would provoke me more than to find the wind set in that quarter. If her brother did save the life of mine, that is no reason I should want her for a sister-in-law, as I can see."

"That is very true, my dear. I was strongly annoyed at Miss Holland's declining the offer which I am persuaded she received the other night; I have felt some anxiety lest a regard for Duke had something to do with the refusal."

"She's not coming into the family if I can prevent it," complacently surveying the small foot encased in an elegant slipper.

"What would she bring to us? neither family, position, wealth, anything that we naturally desire for our only son and brother."

"It would be the keenest of disappointment to me to have anything of the sort happen," added the mother. "I have tried to think there was no reason to apprehend it."

"I don't believe there is, mamma. Duke and Margaret seem to be getting on finely together, and I know he is a great favorite with her aunt."

"Ellen would no doubt take into account the old friendship, which would make a union between the families doubly pleasant," supplemented Mrs. Walbridge.

"How proud and delighted I should be, mamma, to have the thing really happen. It's a wonderful chance for Duke, if he only knew it. How well, too, it sounds: 'My brother's wife, the heiress of the millionaire!' I don't intend, Jessamine Holland, that little country girl, from some obscure town that nobody ever heard of, shall frustrate all our desires and ambitions."

Mrs. Walbridge might sometimes have reproved such energetic language as this, but she was now a good deal displeased with Jessamine, and secretly a little uneasy, too.

"Duke's likings are very stubborn things. If he should take a fancy to Miss Holland, it would be no easy matter to manage or circumvent it."

There was a look in Edith's handsome face at this remark of her mother's, which would have startled one familiar with it. There was some latent power in the girl with which it would not be well to collide—a strong will not easily daunted—a passionate force which would probably never have much scope or development in her quiet New England life and train-

ing, but which three centuries ago, in the court of Catharine de Medici, would have offered a field of intrigue to her talents, and made her a power in the splendid courts and stormy cabals of that age, and, perhaps, added her name to that company of beautiful, gifted bad women whose names echo down to us across the centuries, like the glory and the misery of their time.

"At any rate, I have set my mind on having our family win this prize, if I can accomplish it; and Jessamine Holland shall not stand in my way."

"Don't start on a crusade against any imaginary foe, Edith. I am still inclined to think that Duke and Miss Holland regard each other only as friends, and it is quite absurd to waste any feeling over phantom evils. Then, too, you know Miss Holland will leave us now in a few weeks."

"Yes, and she will descend into the original obscurity from which Duke's jumping into the sea, seems to have lifted her for a time."

"Sh—sh—you shock me," replied her mother. "I never saw you so ill-natured. 'That is not the way to speak of the sister of the youth who saved your brother's life.'"

Mrs. Walbridge, to her honor, was more energetic in her reproof, because she had a secret sympathy with her daughter's feeling.

Edith, too, had the grace to be a little ashamed of her speech. "I will own I was aggravated, mamma, or I should not have expressed myself so strongly, nevertheless Jessamine Holland, I'm ready to help you to a husband, so that it be not my brother, for I have set my heart on Duke's marrying Margaret Wheatley."

When her daughter echoed so fully the sentiments of her own soul, Mrs. Walbridge could not find it in her heart to dissent, and changed the subject. Jessamine Holland and Margaret Wheatley took, as I said, a fancy to each other, and the former was always content to sit still and listen to the playful sallies which frequently ran high betwixt Duke and his guest.

Jessamine enjoyed their talk over the old childish days when they were little boy and girl together, and Margaret had made her first visit at the Walbridges. She would sometimes contrast her life at that time with that of these people. It was only a little while ago—her memory slipping down the years softly as boats slip from the wide harbor down to the great sea. The price of one of Margaret Wheatley's dresses would have made her household

rich as princesses in that old time when the dreadful problem to be solved day by day was, how to keep soul and body together, and a shelter over their heads.

It made her feel sadly sometimes, to think she had no merry childhood to talk about as other people had; every scene was enveloped in that dark atmosphere of poverty; of which Margaret Wheatley had no more idea than the birds whom God feeds, or the French princess who said—"The people starving for bread. Why don't they eat cake, then?"

Duke Walbridge seemed all this time in wonderfully high spirits. The truth was, there was some new life entering his soul, which seemed to quicken all his faculties; and there was a certain pleasure and relief in jesting with Margaret Wheatley; his thoughts going sometimes to himself.

"You are bright, and pretty, and piquant, old playfellow, and I like you; and it's a wonder that they haven't spoiled you utterly, betwixt all the praise, and pleasure, and prosperity; but I have my doubts whether one would find much heart, brave, and strong, and tender, under all the charm and the brightness.

"Ah! my one Lily, with whom all women cannot compare; you sit quiet to-night and the stillness is upon your face, which tells me your thoughts are touching close upon pain; they have gone down into your lonely childhood, or far off to Ross. Your thoughts do not come to me, and mine do not reach your heart; but for all that, Jessamine, your influence is all about me, tender, and sacred, and exalting. You are the woman to strengthen, purify, redeem my manhood. You inspire me with a new life that is better than the old, with its dreams and disgusts, its weakness and incoherence. You are the angel passing by the gates, and the air is full of myrrh and spike-nard—oh, Jessamine, if I should unlock the doors and call, would you come in? God alone knows; but He has sent me the vision; and I am stronger and better for beholding you, whether He gives you to me or to another."

You would not have guessed these thoughts were going on in Duke's soul, hearing the badinage that was going on betwixt him and Margaret Wheatley.

Suddenly, Mr. Walbridge's rather sonorous voice lifted itself above the hum in the drawing-room. "This has been a hard winter for the poor," he said. "Manufactories closed—don't pay to keep them running. Thousands of men and women in our great cities turned out of employment!"

Mr. Walbridge was not a great talker; but his speeches were always to the point, and had that practical quality which showed itself in everything the man said and did. The family always listened with great respect when "pa" spoke, all his opinions being held in high estimation by his household.

Margaret Wheatley and Jessamine Holland listened, too. One could hardly have imagined a greater contrast than there was between those two girls, with not a birth-day between them; the one, with the brightness, color, glow; the other, with the quiet, strong, delicate face.

Margaret really felt as little personal interest in the subjects of Mr. Walbridge's remark as she would in a hive of bees or a flock of sheep. Not that she was really hard-hearted. She gave away all her dresses and finery as soon as she wearied of them, to cooks and serving-maids, and really thought it was too bad to throw them in the fire, as one of her intimate friends did, "because serving-people should not wear the clothes of their superiors." But poverty she always associated with rags, ignorance and vice, and it had never entered the soul of the rich banker's daughter that there was any tie of human kindred betwixt her and "that class of people."

Jessamine had listened, too. Those words, "out of work," always hurt her. She knew what awful depths of struggle, pain, or dread, hunger, cold—of all dreadful shifts of denial and poverty were in them.

She turned now to Margaret Wheatley, speaking out of the fulness of her heart—"What do you suppose will become of those people?"

And Duke, sitting by, heard the question; waited for the answer.

"I don't know, I'm sure; but they will get along as they always have done. There are the benevolent societies, and the soup-houses, you know."

"Those will do their part; but there is a class whom these can never reach. I mean those to whose pride and sensitiveness charity is bitter as death."

"Oh, my dear Miss Holland, those interesting, unfortunate people are never found out of books. Plenty of people who are in the habit of dispensing charities, assure me they never came across one of those fine specimens of poverty; that the real ones are always coarse, stolid, ignorant; the other sort are only authors' idealizations; but they do make a story delightful."

Jessamine looked at the girl in a kind of

mournful amazement. Could anybody live in God's world and hold such a faith as that?

Still, it was all, no doubt, Margaret Wheatley's education. Jessamine did not easily believe evil of any one; and the banker's daughter had been singularly cordial to her from the beginning.

"I think," she said, "one might dispense charities through a whole life, and never meet with one of those cases of what you call 'interesting poverty;' but for all that they are in the world as well as in story books; though they will not be likely to hunt soup-houses or benevolent societies."

"I wish some of them would; I should be so very glad to assist such people out of their troubles," not dreaming she was addressing one, who, without any great elasticity of imagination might, even now be included in the class of whom she spoke. Jessamine made one more effort. "It is pitiful, too," she said, "to think of the young girls employed in those great cities, wearing away their youth and hope, their very lives in toiling early and late for a mere pittance, just enough to give them food, and a bit of dreary back attic for a shelter. I think of them in stores, and shops, and factories, shivering through the early dawns to their long day's toil; I think of them going to their comfortless homes, weary and faint, at night; and they are women with souls and hearts like yours and mine, Miss Wheatley."

The young lady moved a little uneasily. Nobody had ever talked to her in just that way before. She thought Miss Holland a little singular; "but then, poor thing, she has never been in New York."

"Of course, those things are very bad," she answered, feeling that she must say something. "But those people are used to it, and it doesn't seem to them at all as it does to us."

Jessamine smothered a sigh. She thought she could understand now how very gracious and beautiful women, of whom she had read, queens and princesses, with vast wealth and power, had no pity for the people, because they couldn't understand them.

Duke Walbridge had listened to the talk, too, and had his own thoughts about it, which would have greatly amazed everybody else.

Mrs. Ashburn, Margaret's aunt, happened to overhear the conversation also. That it made some impression on her was proved by her remarking, the next day, to Mrs. Walbridge, when Jessamine happened to be away, "Isn't your young friend a little singular, Hester?"

"I think she is, Ellen. The fact struck me

the first time I saw her, and the impression has always continued; but then the circumstances did not admit of our being critical, as we might be in the case of most young ladies."

"Of course not," answered the lady. She had heard the story of Jessamine's introduction into the Walbridge family.

Mrs. Ashburn was a pretty woman, with very lady-like manners, and a face which still looked youthful under its becoming lace and flowers.

"I think, mamma, Miss Holland is really pious," said Eva, who had an instinctive feeling that 'singular' was not an adjective Mrs. Walbridge would regard as complimentary applied to her own daughters, or Mrs. Ashburn to her niece.

"I hope we all are that, my daughter," answered Mrs. Walbridge, with a rather amused but benignant smile.

"Oh, but, mamma, I don't mean pious in the way you do; but really so, away down in her heart; not nice, respectable piety; but the sort that makes one conscientious in word and act—that makes one pitiful and tender to all who are in suffering, and that would dare something and sacrifice something for what was right and true."

Eva had gone on in her earnestness, not considering whom her words were hitting.

There was a moment's silence, as she paused, and then Gertrude said half satirically, half reproachfully—"Why, Eva, do you mean mamma's piety is not of the right kind?"

"Oh, no indeed; I wouldn't of course say that; only it is not of the same kind as Miss Holland's; that is—I mean—I mean—"

Poor Eva! she began to see the conclusions towards which she was stumbling, and could not find her way out.

"You mean, Eva," said her mother, "that young girls, when they talk too much, are apt to get themselves into deep waters."

"But, mamma," still feeling that she owed her mother an apology, "I did not mean to say anything against *your* sort of piety."

It was said so earnestly that, taken together with the words, there was a general laugh in which Mrs. Walbridge could not help joining, though Eva's speech had been far from pleasing to the mother. It seemed to the lady that her self-complacency had a good many shocks of late, and in one way and another she associated them with Jessamine Holland, innocent as the girl was of any connivance in the matter. But Eva's speech did not increase Mrs. Walbridge's regard for her young guest; and although the

lady would not admit it to herself, she had a little secret feeling that perhaps Eva had stumbled on a truth. And all this time you must fancy to yourself the liveliest of households, some new excitement going on all the time; parties and drives, dinners and suppers, for the advent of the New York guests had brought a new element of gayety into the household; and amid all this swift flying of weeks, the winter began to turn its face towards spring, the days lengthened, and Jessamine Holland told herself it was time to begin to think of turning towards the russet cottage whose front faced the hills.

How she could take up the old dreariness of that life again, Jessamine could not conceive, contrasting it with the present, so smooth and fair, despite a few drawbacks which Jessamine tried to put in the background, gathering the honey from her little flower of life, while it was yet summer time.

CHAPTER XII.

One day, at a little lunch-party given by the Walbridges, who were fond of improvising things of this sort, Jessamine met a new guest. It had cost the Walbridges a little struggle to invite her, she was well aware; but the lady held a golden key, which proved equal to unlocking the awful front door between the carved lions.

Jessamine had heard the lady's name frequently this winter, her antecedents having been fully discussed in the Walbridge circle; and the gossip floating into Jessamine's way, there had grown around it half curious, half pitiful feeling for its subject. Mrs. Kent was young, and extremely pretty. She owed to that last fact her prosperity and social elevation.

She was not coarse, as some people tried to intimate—a graceful figure; a fair, girlish face, full of fresh bloom; eyes like the sky in some sunny May day that hangs close upon June, and soft golden hair about it—it was a face which vaguely reminded one of the last queen of the house of Valois, though it was brighter and finer than that.

Mrs. Kent was the wife of a man richer, report said, even than the Walbridges. Three years before, she had been a factory girl in an adjoining village, and her husband was a man at least twenty-five years her senior, a shrewd, good-natured, portly man, with a wonderful gift for turning everything he touched to gold. He had risen from poverty and obscurity by dint of this faculty; he had been all over the

world, engaged in varieties of business, which had been uniformly successful.

Mr. Kent saw the girl as she came by chance into the counting-room of the foreman of the factory, with whom the former happened to be conversing in the absence of the owner, whom he had called to see. The young girl was a little excited, and the blue eyes, and the fair cheeks, and the golden hair, dawned like a vision of almost unearthly loveliness on the gaze of Richard Kent.

He was not a man of much sentiment; but, to use his own words, "he could tell a pretty woman whenever he saw her;" and of late the man who had tumbled all around the world, intent only on making his fortune, but with a certain good nature at the bottom, whose salt had saved him from turning into a mere grasping miser—with no love but gold, no thought but gain—of late this man had begun to wonder in a vague sort of fashion whether, after all, it would not pay better to anchor himself down somewhere in a pleasant home, with a pretty little wife, and enjoy in a new fashion some of the money which he had been tumbling over the world all his life to win.

The face of the little factory girl, with its sunny brightness, shone upon him at just the right time; that visit to the counting office settled her future.

The girl was a favorite with the foreman, for her pretty face and her bright, modest ways, and when he found the rich gentleman staring at her, he good-naturedly introduced the two, and there were some very becoming blushes on one side, and some rather clumsy attempts at conversation on the other.

But the matter did not end there. The bright eyes and the pretty bloom haunted the dreams of Richard Kent as persistently as though he had just scaled the high wall of his early twenties, and supplanted the bargains on which his thoughts had successfully revolved for so many years.

The result was that one evening at the close of the working hours, the gentleman appeared at the door, and, to her infinite amazement, walked home with the young factory girl.

The acquaintance progressed swimmingly after that.

The factory girl was an orphan, lonely, homeless, and with only distant kin in the world. She had been brought up in a back country town, with her widest knowledge of life gathered during the year in which she had been employed in light work at the factory; her keenest interest had been to save money

enough from her board to indulge in an occasional cheap dress, and bright flower or ribbon to set off the pretty face.

All this appealed to some chivalry and tenderness far down in the blunt, good-natured soul of the man whose life was settling towards its fifties.

Richard Kent was a shrewd man, and though he had a homely bronzed face, and his thick, dark hair and beard was all overshot with gray, he succeeded very soon in making himself look handsome in the eyes of the factory girl. In a courtship of this sort, there were no long, conventional preliminaries to settle.

The man told the girl one day, in his blunt, straight-forward fashion, that he wanted her for his wife, and though he was not a young, dapper lover, he had a good, strong, honest heart that was ready to take her right into it, and make her as happy as a faithful, manly love ever could make woman, provided she could take him on trust, without any of the fine speeches which they said were the things that always won quickest the ear and heart of a woman.

The factory girl listened in a confusion of amazement, delight, bashfulness, that made her look prettier than ever. She glanced at the broad stalwart figure by her side. Then the true woman in her woke up for the first time. She placed her hands in the strong, large ones, the tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a sudden seriousness and dignity altogether new to the factory girl. "I'm very ignorant, I've never had any chances to make anything of myself, but if you're willing to take me as I am, I'll try very hard to be a good wife to you."

There was better promise, for the womanhood to come in the simple pathos of that answer, than there would have been in the one which many a fine lady would have made to the suit of the rich man, and he knew it. In less than a month they were married. The sudden transition would have tested the grain of any nature, and it was not strange that the factory girl's head was a good deal turned by the unaccustomed splendor. She was vain and foolish sometimes, and a good deal dizzy and dazzled at the sudden height to which she had mounted. But she kept her husband's love and respect through it all, which was certainly to her credit, for he had a native shrewdness at the bottom which was not easily deceived in its estimate of people.

Richard Kent lavished diamonds and handsome dresses on his bride, and she had good

taste, which had showed itself in the old days of her factory adornings, and which kept her from any gorgeous displays of toilette, in the midst of all the sore temptations which her husband's loose purse strings afforded her. Richard Kent's boyhood had been passed near the town where the Walbridges resided, and as he had certain pleasant associations with the vicinity, he purchased a delightful site outside of the town, and here, in the midst of pleasant grounds, he built himself a spacious home, and settled down to enjoy his wealth with the young wife, of whom he grew every day fonder and prouder.

Here, in a little while, a babe came to steady the mother's heart and brain. Nature, at any rate, had dealt kindly by Mrs. Kent, and beneath the pretty face there were thought and feeling which would assert themselves when her eyes should grow a little accustomed to the new dazzle of her position.

She had been learning many things since she left the factory, too, and among these were a very stinging, but perhaps not unwholesome sense of her deficiencies. These were, in truth, deplorable; the back-wood's school having inducted her into a little reading and spelling, and left her there before her tenth birth-day. Mrs. Kent grew slowly awake to the fact, that she sometimes made mistakes in conversation, and mispronounced words, which the gracious ladies who invited her to their parties, waxed merry over when her back was turned. This knowledge galled Mrs. Kent to the quick. She was angry over it, and humiliated, too, and the poor young thing, in the midst of her elegance, had no friend to advise her, and she shrank from telling her husband the trouble over which she brooded, and it was one which the kind, blunt nature of the man would hardly understand.

"If she could only sing and play," Mrs. Kent thought, pondering the matter; but she had no gift there, and if she told the unvarnished truth, she had enjoyed the opera quite as much for its display of fine dresses as she did for the music.

That there were some forces in her of energy and resolution, Mrs. Kent proved by setting herself to study, but it was very slow work with no teachers of any sort.

Meanwhile the lady's tact and observation preserved her from many egregious errors, but sometimes, despite her care, they would slip out; and as her wealth made Mrs. Kent conspicuous, it became fashionable to criticize her in a small way, and there were people mean enough

to indemnify themselves for admitting her into the best society by repeating her mistakes. At any rate, Jessamine Holland thought no fault could be found with Mrs. Kent's deportment, whatever were the defects of her education. She was as thoroughly ladylike in presence and bearing as any of the young ladies in the company.

During the talk somebody ambitiously quoted a passage from Dante's *Inferno*; and another lady, quite innocent of Mrs. Kent's antecedents, turned to her, saying, playfully—"No doubt that is all very fine; but I must have Dante turned into a mould of Anglo Saxon, or else he is all Greek to me."

Mrs. Kent was a little nervous. She must make some reply, and fancying that the lady's remark had given her the clew, and that she was sure of her ground this time, she answered, "I am no wiser than yourself. I never read your poet—I only know he was one of the old Greek authors."

The next moment Mrs. Kent became conscious that she had made a tremendous blunder. The ladies around her plumed themselves on their good breeding, but for all that, there was a stir, a significant lifting of eyebrows, an amused smile about the circle, and the poor little lady felt stung and humiliated away down to the quick.

Jessamine sat near her. She saw, with a sudden flush of indignation, the smile of the ladies. She knew how shallow was the cultivation of most of the elegant women before her; a little music, a little French, a few of the surface accomplishments which pass current in fashionable circles, and your line had struck the bottom of these women's culture. What right had they to exhibit any scorn or self-complacency over the factory girl, who had improved her small opportunities far more wisely than they.

Jessamine Holland had a courage, that when roused, would have made her dauntless in the presence-chamber of kings. Her face flushed with a fine scorn as she glanced around the circle, and then she turned with her clear voice, and her quiet grace to the lady—"Mrs. Kent, I think you did not hear the name. We were speaking of Dante, not of a Greek author," she said.

"I beg your pardon; I did not understand," replied Mrs. Kent, and there was a sudden flash of gratitude in the blue eyes that looked closely at Jessamine.

After that, of course there was no more to be said; and although each lady present understood, as before, the fact of Mrs. Kent's

ignorance, each one felt, too, a secret uneasiness. The courtesy which had not presumed on the ignorance of a guest, and which had so gracefully turned it into a misapprehension of the right name, was something finer and higher than anything to which Jessamine's hearers had attained. But the lesson was not without its service; for Mrs. Kent's placing Dante among the old Greek poets was never alluded to again, as it would have been with plenty of contemptuous laughter and pity, if Jessamine had not come to the rescue.

"That first sentence was not just the truth," said Jessamine's conscience, which was vividly sensitive a little later. She had not thought of that at the moment, however.

Several times, so many indeed, that Jessamine was quite ashamed of herself, her eyes met Mrs. Kent's. "How singularly pretty and attractive she is; the only wonder, that with her antecedents she carries herself so well. Poor thing! Even wealth does not bring all one wants; and she must be in perpetual fear of mortification, from women whom her husband's wealth has forced to acknowledge her. How that smile of theirs stung me as though it had been a personal insult!" went Jessamine's thoughts.

Mrs. Kent was perfectly aware how Jessamine had flung herself into the breach, in hearty defence of a stranger. It stirred all that was warm and generous in the little woman's nature. A few commonplace remarks only were interchanged before the company separated. When Mrs. Kent had made her adieux to her hostess, she approached Jessamine, and said, with a pretty kind of eagerness—"Miss Holland, I am strongly desirous of knowing more of you."

Frankness of this sort would be sure of being met half way by Jessamine Holland; and she replied, playfully—"Your desire granted, my dear Mrs. Kent, might produce quite the opposite effect."

"You will allow me to be the judge of that," answered the lady; and then she added an urgent entreaty that Jessamine would give her the pleasure of an interview at her own house. She would send the carriage at any hour Miss Holland would appoint.

With a crowd of engagements which occupied the days and evenings, Jessamine found it difficult to command two or three hours outside of the family. Time was so absorbed by this butterfly existence, whose only aim was a vivid, æsthetic enjoyment of life. Was it very much better than the butterflies, Jessamine sometimes wondered, that flashed through the

golden summer air the purple beauty of its wings, and gladdened the eyes which saw it hovering among the flowers.

But Mrs. Kent was so thoroughly in earnest that Jessamine appointed a time for the visit, a couple of days later. Her going might be unceremonious; and the Walbridges might have their opinions about it, she reflected; but for all that she would go.

The Kents lived several miles out of town. However people might criticize them in some ways, they could but admit that the owner had displayed good taste in the site he had chosen, and the home he had reared on it. It was quiet, substantial, elegant, and Jessamine sighed a little to herself as she mounted the stone steps, and wondered whether she should ever have a home, too—a real home, with nothing so grand as this, but a bit of a cottage, with half a dozen rooms, and balconies—a cottage among green hills, half smothered in vines.

I suppose we all have some time our horizon outside of the real daily world in which we live. This one of the cottage was Jessamine's.

Inside, too, amid the general elegance, there was little to find fault with. The colors were rather too fresh and bright to suit people of quiet tastes, but nothing vulgar.

Mrs. Kent's greeting was more like that of an old friend than an acquaintance whose knowledge of her guest was confined to a single interview. The lady had secured herself from interruptions this morning, and it was surprising how much the young matron and the young maiden found to say to each other.

Jessamine felt as though she was breathing a draught of her native country air; and it was very pleasant, for the Walbridge ceremonies sometimes grew a little irksome.

Mrs. Kent took her guest at last into a little cosey side room that opened out of the parlor.

"We can talk better, and I always feel more at home than I do in those great parlors."

"So do I," said Jessamine. "How nice this is!" a pleasant home-feeling coming over her as she settled herself down in one of the low, easy chairs.

Mrs. Kent looked at her guest a moment with some thought that flushed her face and widened the blue eyes; then she spoke. "You were very kind to me yesterday, Miss Holland. I could not thank you before all those people, but I shall never forget it of you—never—so long as I live."

"Oh, Mrs. Kent, it is all not worth speaking of."

The lady's lips quivered. "Ah, but it was

the way—the brave, generous way—in which you sprang to my defence. You did not join in the smile nor the look which I saw went around the circle."

"It was a shame—a disgrace to them" burst out Jessamine, in her young, hot indignation; "and they pride themselves on their good breeding!"

Mrs. Kent drew a little nearer. A fine scorn gathered about the red bloom of her lips, and, seeing it, Jessamine thought—"There is something in this woman beyond what her husband's money has put there."

"I know what their friendship is really worth," she said. "I know it's the elegant home, and the money, and all those, that has compelled them to receive me amongst them. I take their courtesies for just what they are worth; but with you it is different. I said to myself yesterday, 'If I was only the poor, friendless factory girl I was two years ago, she would be just as careful not to hurt me—my feelings would be just as sacred in her sight as they are now, now I'm the wife of a rich man.'"

"I should be a miserable thing if they wouldn't," answered Jessamine, with hot cheeks.

"Ah, yes; but the fine ladies in your set, Miss Holland, don't look at it that way; and though I feel that in one sense at least I'm above them, yet their contempt for my ignorance hurts, humiliates me. But I never had any kind of a chance, you see," the lips quivering again.

Jessamine was so strongly stirred that she could not say one word. She leaned over and touched Mrs. Kent's hand; a slight movement; but Jessamine had, from her childhood, her own way of doing these small things, when her heart went in them. Hannah Bray could tell you about that.

The lady went on—"I've been thinking a great deal about the matter of late. If I could only set to work and improve myself, make up for the lost time; but I am so utterly ignorant, and it seems so hopeless, and I don't know where to begin. It is very easy to tell you all this. I felt that it would be from the moment when I saw your kind, pitying eyes looking at me yesterday."

Jessamine began to feel that her own poverty had not been of the worse sort. Its iron had entered so deeply into the soul of her childhood and youth, that perhaps it was time for her to learn now the great limitations of the wealth which had been denied to her.

"I have had my sorrows, too; I have known how hard poverty is, also," answered Jessamine, her lips quivering this time.

"I thought you would not have been so tender without you had known," said Mrs. Kent, eagerly. "Yet your poverty must have been so very different from mine—so very different," and she shook her head mournfully, and Jessamine could make no reply.

In a moment the lady looked up eagerly again. "If there is any way in which I can make up for these deficiencies, but it seems so late to begin now; yet I would work very hard. I cannot bear the thought that some day my little boy up stairs may live to know they are laughing at his mother's ignorance, and be ashamed of her."

Her face worked, the tears and the sobs coming up together behind the words. She had touched the quick of her pain now—the mother-love, the mother-pride, that had roused and steadied the whole woman; that had conquered the vanities and affectations, and that would be the secret spring feeding any new purposes of growth and self-development in Mrs. Kent.

Jessamine answered out of her quick impulse of help and pity—"But it is not too late to redeem all that has gone."

Mrs. Kent looked up with an eager light breaking all over her pretty, tearful face. "Do you really think so? That is what I wanted to know—to ask you. I am ready to do anything—it is not too late, then?"

Jessamine hesitated a little. It was no light question that Mrs. Kent had asked. She would find the work one to test all her mental and moral force, Jessamine saw clearly. No sudden impulse, no strong but evanescent enthusiasm would avail her here. The slow, wearisome climbing at first—the shaping her habits of studies; the ease, the pleasure, the luxury about her; the calls and plans of each day, would be so many conspiring forces against this work of self-improvement; had the sweet-faced little woman sitting there the strength and the courage to conquer all these circumstances, and gather out of her daily life, out of its ease and pleasure, three or four of its best hours for slow, hard toil, of this sort? Jessamine doubted. And her answer kept faith with herself.

She set the matter in its true light before the young matron. It was a noble impulse which possessed her; Jessamine's whole soul did it honor; but she could not disguise the great lions which stood in the way. Knowledge was

not easily won. Habits of study not easily formed. The beginning especially was slow and hard. A steadfast, unswerving purpose alone would avail her; very few women were equal to work of this sort. The duties and the delights of life wore away the hours, and it was a great thing to look them in the face, and say, resolutely—"I give up all the rest for the sake of knowledge!"

Mrs. Kent drank in every word. A good many feelings, however, in her face. There was a little silence.

"But if you were in my place—I know you will tell me truly—what would you do? Should you think the work and the struggle would pay in the end? Would you not give up the rest, the ease, and the pleasure, for what at last the knowledge would be to you?"

Thus adjured, what could Jessamine reply? A sudden steadfastness grew around the line of the sweet mouth: a new strength steadied and fired the whole face. "Yes," she said; "for myself, I should look the facts in the face, and I should put down the love of ease, of luxury, the pursuit of pleasure, all things that eat away the days, the months, and the years, and I should say, 'God helping me I will seek for knowledge,' sure that if I lived to be forty or fifty years old, I should say, 'I am not sorry I chose the wiser and the better part.'"

"And so I will choose, and so I shall say, then," said Mrs. Kent, and her face flashed into something which no one had ever seen there before.

Jessamine could not discourage her. She thought of the little boy up stairs, and it seemed that he was pleading with her for his mother; that the sweet baby face which she had never seen, looked at her half reproachfully, saying, "She has placed her future in your hands. As you say, so she will do. Tell her to be not alone the mother I can love, but one whose mind and thought I can honor and revere, as you would have your own child, if God should ever give you one."

The baby lay up stairs, nestled in snowy laces, smiling among his pleasant dreams; but for all that, Jessamine heard his voice pleading. So she could not find it in her heart to discourage Mrs. Kent; still, she would not make herself the rule for another, which it is very hard not to do in our youth. So she answered—"I should choose the study, Mrs. Kent, because I love it best. It is not thus with all women—women, too, who make good wives and mothers; neither is knowledge everything. The heart and the life are more."

"But the knowledge makes both wiser and better?" asked Mrs. Kent.

"Always wiser and better if rightly used."

"Then I am making the right choice. I shall not repent it," added the young wife.

"But there is another way," added Jessamine; "an easier one. There are many young ladies in society who have a superficial knowledge, that with a certain feminine tact and sense manages to get them on very nicely. You can get a French teacher, a little light sort of reading, and with your quick perceptions you would soon find yourself on a level with these people, and study would not be the hard task which I have painted it."

"But would you, in my place, remember, make up your mind to that course?"

There could be but one reply. The flash in her face again. "No, I would go honestly to work; I would make no shifts of this sort; I would commence at the foundations."

"I am utterly ignorant," said poor Mrs. Kent. "I know nothing of geography or grammar. I can read and spell, and Richard says I write a pretty hand; that is all."

Jessamine's sweetest smile came out on her face. "The less you know, the greater will be the victory," she said.

"And—and how long will it take to lay the foundations—form these habits of study?" asked Mrs. Kent.

She had chosen her confidant wisely. Jessamine had fought much of the battle herself.

The girl hesitated a moment. "I think if you were to study persistently three hours a day, for one year, with some judicious teacher, you would have gained the battle. There would be much to do after that; but, as I said, the beginning is the hardest."

Mrs. Kent rose up and placed her hands in Jessamine's, her face was pale, but a great light shone out of it. "Thank you, my dear friend," she said. "I will study so for the next year."

Just then, the bell rang. The coachman had called for Miss Holland. She looked at her watch in amazement, and saw that the two hours had slipped away while they had been talking.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In the current of life, beware of the gulf of intemperance.

INTEMPERANCE produces disease, stupefies the senses, and brutifies the mind.

STIMULANTS IN YOUTH.

"STIMULANTS used in youth," says a popular writer, "are so many conspiracies against happiness in old age. Men usually take what they least need. In other words, we follow our strongest faculties, and not our weakest ones. Therefore, if men are excessively nervous, they almost invariably seek to make themselves more so. Men that need most soothing, most quieting, drive themselves up by the most excessive stimulants. I believe there will come a time when men will be very proud of being wholesome; of being clean; of being natural. I think there is a growing approximation towards a better idea of physical manhood. I believe the time will come when men will have as much abhorrence of habits which carry in them unhealth, as now they have of maimings, and woundings, and torturings, and distortions. And I think that in that day there will be a banishment of alcoholic drinks, and a total exclusion of tobacco, the indulgence of which, beginning early, is wasteful all the way through life."

A WISE PRESCRIPTION.

MISSOURI has at least one desirable physician. He lives in Fayette, Howard county. So we infer from the following, taken from a Missouri journal:

A young lady of our acquaintance called on one of our physicians the other day to prescribe for a rush of blood to the head. "I have been doctoring myself," said the languid fair one, with a smile, to the kind M. D., while he was feeling her pulse. "Why, I have taken Brandreth's pills, Parr's pills, Strauburg's pills, Sands' sarsaparilla, Jayne's expectorant, need Sherman's lozenges and plaster, and—"

"My heavens! madam," interrupted the astonished doctor, "all those do your complaint no good!"

"No! Then what shall I take?" pettishly inquired the patient.

"Take," exclaimed the doctor, eyeing her from head to foot, "take!" exclaimed he, after a moment's reflection, "why, take off your corsets!"

It is needless for us to state that she is still suffering from the disease.

ARGUMENT in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst sort of reading.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE ERSKINE HOUSEHOLD.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

FOR some reason it was not a very happy household, and yet in all Highlands, I doubt, whether you would find a family who was the subject of quite so much envy as was this one of the Erskines.

In the first place they had wealth, which enabled them to live in luxurious ease, and to indulge in their home and surroundings, all those elegant tastes, which seemed to inhere in the Erskine blood.

They had an old family name, which had come down to them through several generations, swathed in dignities and respectabilities, and all these things gave the Erskines a wide reputation and influence in the town where they resided.

Yet, for all this, as I have said, the Erskines, got down into the real heart and life of the household, were not a very happy family.

There was some chronic irritability, dissatisfaction in the household temperament, which people outside would not be likely to suspect, for in the world, the Erskines were bright, genial people, keeping the shadowy side of themselves for their own hearthstone, but in this respect the Erskines formed, by no means, a solitary example.

As for Squire Erskine he was an old man now; a broken down, ruined and paralytic body, wearing slowly towards his grave. His wife was fifteen years his senior, a faded, nervous, delicate woman. She had been a great beauty and belle in her youth, and the grace of manner clung to her still, and the delicate features held something of their old attractiveness.

But Mrs. Erskine was full of fancies and notions, and a life of flattery and self-indulgence was not ripening now into an autumn of mellowness and sweetness.

There were four children—all of them grown. First came the sons, older than their sisters, and like their father. They had graduated at college, and then travelled abroad; indeed one of them was now absent, having taken a fancy to visit the Exposition at Paris. They were like the father, large, stalwart, fine-looking, with a certain easy good-nature, and bright, native wit, which made them most agreeable companions. People said, if ever anybody had a good time in the world, it was those young Erskines, and if plenty of time and money and following the desires of one's heart and eyes will express the sweetness only of life, then, of a truth, John and Dick Erskine did that very thing.

As for the girls, they inherited their mother's grace and beauty. They inherited many of her

traits of character also, with something more of strength and spirit.

But like the boys, they had been petted, indulged, spoiled from their birth. Wealth and care had been lavished on them, and in society they were graceful, cultivated, charming women. There was in them, certainly, much to love and admire—something also to regret and blame.

"Dick, did you order the books from town for Julia and me, as you promised yesterday?" asked Lucy, the elder of the two sisters, as her brother sauntered into the breakfast-room one morning.

"I declare Lu, it never entered into my head after I left the house," said the young man, who had driven out after midnight from the opera, and having had a late supper, was not in the brightest of moods this morning, one that would be very easily rased at that time.

"You are the most indolent and provoking of men, Dick Erskine. Julia and I were little better than idiots, to think of trusting your promise, when it has proven faithless as water so many times," said the disappointed and irritated young lady.

"Will you please spare me until breakfast is over, any further dose of that sort?" stung by his sister's words and tone into an angry retort. "I have always observed that a cup of good Mocha had a conciliating effect upon your temper."

"At any rate that is better than having it improved by whisky punch, as some people are whom we know."

This was a home-thrust, a very ungenerous one, I must admit, and it touched a very sore memory with Dick, because, to do him justice, he was not in the habit of indulging freely in strong drink, but one night, at a recent party in the neighborhood, where both his sisters had been present, the young man had rather overstepped his limits in this regard, and had an uncomfortable conviction that he had made himself rather foolish and conspicuous.

Dick Erskine was proud and sensitive. The blood flashed angrily to his temples. "Have you any further strictures in the same strain? As you have started the day in this amiable vein, I suppose there is no help for it, only shrews never were to my taste," and he turned towards the table, thinking John was a happy fellow off there in Paris, and he wished that he had followed him thither.

"Children!" exclaimed Mrs. Erskine, who at that moment entered the room; "are you at this miserable quarrelling again? Talk of this sort always upsets me for the day. I wish you could come together sometimes in peace, but it seems hopeless to expect it;" and the fretful, fault-finding tone of the mother, was not likely to restore har-

mony to discordant moods. The younger daughter followed the mother.

"What is the matter now?" she asked, catching the look on her sister's face, and then something different, but equally emphatic on her brother's.

"Oh, nothing; only Lu's been giving me one of her lectures. However, it's some comfort that I've grown pretty well seasoned to them by this time," said Dick, settling himself to his coffee and omelette.

"Julia," said Lucy, sure of sympathy on this one point, "you and I are to go without the books and drawings, after all Dick's solemn promises yesterday. Of course he forgot all about it; and really, we deserve to be punished for trusting a man who was never yet known to keep his word."

"Of course we do. Dick, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," added Julia, joining her forces to her sister's.

"Girls, will you let me take my breakfast in peace? Two of you at a time is rather more than I can comfortably stand; but I will leave the field to you as soon as possible, and then you can have the quarrel all to yourselves. I believe you only turn your weapons on me for variety."

Now, people do not like to hear the truth thrust on them in a sneering, satirical fashion. Lucy and Julia Erskine frequently disagreed with each other; but for all that it was not comfortable to be told of it now.

"I suppose, in listening to Dick's tirades, one ought always to remember whence they come," said Julia, with a little air of resignation. "Papa always insisted that you spoiled him, mamma."

"He never insisted the same of those two angels, his daughters, I suppose," added Dick.

"If you were little children, I could bear it," said the mother, in her half grieved, half fretful tone. "But now that you are grown up, it really seems as though it would break my heart."

"Well, mother, I'll relieve you from my presence in a little while. I think I shall take the next steamer, and join John on the other side of the globe."

"Would you be so cruel, Dick, as to leave your father in his health, and your mother and sisters here all alone?" her voice full of pathetic indignation.

"Much good my presence seems to do them!" muttered Dick; but if the truth must be told, the very reason which had kept him from joining his brother, had been the thought of his old, feeble father, his delicate mother, and those lonely girls. "He would be a brute to leave them all," he had told himself away down in the depths of a heart that was kindly and generous; although in his own home something else came too often to the surface.

"Of course, Dick would never consider for a moment what might become of us," said Lucy;

her fair face darkened with sullenness; but the very thought of her brother's leaving, cost her a sharp pang. "If she should really feel she had helped to drive him away, too!" for down under all the sharp, foolish talk, the Erskines loved each other tenderly.

"Why, I didn't know as rich, grand people ever quarrelled like this!"

A child's soft, amused voice lisped along the words, and turning, they saw him standing in the door; he had been there and heard the whole talk, while nobody had seen him; a boy of less than half a dozen years, and looking younger than he was; a pretty creature, with a heap of curls, all touched through with gold, with soft brown eyes, and cheeks a-bloom, and lips whose sweet redness made you long to kiss them.

Somehow every face at the elegant table cleared and softened at the sight of that child.

"Why, Percy, how in the world did you get there?" said one and another.

"I came down softly, and so I heard all you said," the sweet face troubled and grave.

"Well, come right in here to breakfast, and tell us what you thought of it," said Dick, drawing the small chair by the side of his own.

"I don't know what to think," answered the child, coming forward in a slow, thoughtful way, like an old man pondering some grave question.

"Mamma said it was wicked to quarrel, and I thought only bad, coarse people did that; and you, Uncle Dick, and Aunt Lu, and Aunt Julia, and Aunt Erskine are rich and grand, and I thought you never spoke anything but sweet, pleasant, beautiful words to each other."

Dick Erskine lifted the child into his chair. There was a gleam of amusement in the fine eyes of the young man, and something else that was graver in his face. "Well, my little man," he said, "we will never say anything but sweet and pleasant words to you."

"Papa and mamma never talked so to each other; and papa said to me, 'They are the best folks in the world, and they will be very kind and gentle to my little Paul. Papa leaves him with them, because he always loved them better than anything in the world, except mamma and Paul.' He didn't know you was cross, and scolded each other so."

Tears were shining in the eyes around the table, though smiles trembled about the lips. Paul was the grandson of a sister of Mrs. Erskine's, and his father had been brought up in their household with the boys, and was much like a son and brother to them all. Walter Dane was a brave, generous, lovable fellow; but his father had been unfortunate, and so the boy had fallen into the clasp of the Erskine family. But he had a high spirit that chafed under dependence, as he grew to manhood, and sorely against their will, the Erskines at last consented to the young man's

embracing what seemed a fair opening to fortune in South America.

Walter went there, and after awhile married a young and beautiful American girl, who had been left orphaned and almost friendless in that strange land. For awhile the young people prospered. They had one child, and Walter wrote glowing letters of his happiness to the Erskines. But at last the frail young mother sickened and died. A great commercial shock shook the house in which the young man thought he had laid strong and deep the foundations of his prosperity; one of the fevers of the climate suddenly prostrated him, and long anxiety made, at that time, a naturally fine constitution particularly susceptible to any form of disease.

When Walter Dane really discerned his danger, he entrusted his boy, who had just slipped across his fourth birthday to an humble but most faithful friend, and sent the child to the Erskines with some dying messages praying them to be to the fatherless, motherless boy, all they had been to his own childhood and youth.

The Erskines were not people to disregard such messages, they were generous to the core; moreover, if Walter Dane had spoken no word, they would have done all he had entreated, for he lay very close to their hearts. So little Percy Dane, with his father's face, and the locks whose tinge of gold he had caught from his mother, came to the Erskines' home, a warmly lined nest for the little, bright, merry, eager, prattling creature, with his quaint ways and words, which sat almost as oddly on his little cluster of years as an old man's wig would on his soft shining curls. He was petted, fondled, indulged by every member of the household; and they repeated his quaint, odd, old sayings to each other with a vast deal of amusement, and really believed there was not in the world another quite such wonderful child as Percy Dane.

He was the gift of the dead; a well-spring of life and brightness in the Erskine household.

"I think this is a lesson to us," said Lucy, the better side of her really noble nature gaining the mastery over all its petty obstinacies and irritabilities. "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves for this constant sparring: I am for my share in it. It's unworthy of us all."

"That's a fact, girls," said Dick, for the tide of his mode had turned now. "I never felt like such a monster in my life. The only grace I can claim is, that I am not half so bad as I seem, when I get stirred up and rasped. It's an awful infirmity for a fellow to have my temper."

"It's an infirmity, Dick, to which we can all plead guilty. I take my share of Percy's rebuke, and just now feel thoroughly ashamed of myself. The truth is, mamma, you spoiled us all, girls and boys, and here we are a heap of big, bad children on your hands."

"You are not so very bad, so long as you see and own your faults so clearly," answered Mrs. Erskine, with a smile on her faded face, for, notwithstanding her admonitions, she believed away down in her heart, that no children had ever approached quite so near the standard of perfection as her own.

Percy sat still, drinking down all that had been said, his wide gray eyes going from one speaker to another. At last he drew a deep sigh. "I see it all now," he said.

"What do you see, my little hero?" asked Dick, with the amused gleam in his eyes.

"That you didn't mean it. You are not cross away down in your heart—you only talk so; though I don't think that is right;" the dainty lips seeming to pick the words out slowly.

"It isn't right, Percy, my king. You have convicted us all, and God help each one of us, we will try not to talk cross any more."

And Lucy and Julia said softly, "Amen."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE COUNTRY.

THOSE of our little friends who are out of town during the summer months, may amuse themselves sometimes by making flowers from goose-feathers—very nice white chicken-feathers will answer just as well. Choose the whitest and best feathers—for instance, those beneath the wing; they must not be too small. Curl them on each side with your scissors or a blunt knife. Detach the feather part from the quill, without breaking the skin which holds the plumes together, so that

it presents the appearance of a curled feathery fringe. Prepare a stem to receive your flowers, by covering a piece of wire with green silk or paper, and securing to one end of it a group of gold or silver stamens, or even a tiny tuft of cotton dotted with gold. Round this wind your feathery fringe, fastening it here and there with a stitch. You may, if you please, tint your feathers, before mounting them on the stem, by painting the edges pink or blue.

I do not think American girls have, as a general thing, paid sufficient attention to gardening. No employment is more interesting or fascinating.

when once you have begun it. No matter how limited a person's plot of ground, there is still room for a flower-bed or border in it, and to watch the growth of the plants, to study their habits, to keep them free from weeds, water and train them, and then to have the reward of their sweetness and fragrance, is really a pleasure which every one ought to enjoy. A very little expense will furnish the materials for a nice bed of flowers. Suppose you select all plants which grow from seeds. These, of course, you can get without much cost. Make a bed perfectly round, raising the earth considerably in the middle. In the centre place a handsome tall plant like a geranium or fuschia. Then mark the rest of the bed off in bands and sow seeds of different bright flowers.

Masses of *white* may be obtained in several verbenas, campanulas, geraniums, phloxes, cionotheras, sweet alyssum, white Clarkia, petunias, and white *Salvia*. For *scarlets*, verbenas, geraniums, and *salvias* are the grand resource. For *purples* we may get supplied amongst verbenas, petunias, lobelias, lantanas, and phloxes. Fine *pinks* may be found in geraniums, verbenas, and *salvias*, besides many plants more particularly described above. For *blues* we have lobelias, cinerarias, *salvias*, and several common flowers.

Of course these must be selected with great care. It is best, unless one has several beds, to select flowers which blossom all summer. Then those which grow to about the same height are desirable for the same bed, though with judicious cutting and trimming, all plants may be made to grow nearly of the same size, and to blossom at nearly the same season. One very pretty flower-bed we saw not long since in a yard in the city. It was circular in form—with a handsome Diletria growing in the centre. About this a band of sweet alyssum. Next this a circle of verbenas of various colors; then another band of mignonette, and at the edge a row of many-hued little double daisies. Those beautiful flowers the pansies, or the hearts-ease (abused in Pennsylvania with the ridiculous name of "Johnny-jump-ups") are very lovely for bedding. The best way to manage these and other flowers (where one does not like to go to the expense of buying plants already started) is to sow the seed in boxes in the house during the month of March. Then transplant the little shoots as soon as the weather gets warm in May. Unless this is done you will not get your beds in blossom until very late in the summer. I should like to add any words which were possible to lead our young people to this sort of entertainment. I am sure they would soon feel interested in gardening if once they were to undertake it though their resources were ever so limited.

HELEN A.

"For what is 'good looking,'" says Whittier, "but 'looking good.'"

"HAMLET."

ANOTHER Swedish Nightingale is announced in the musical world. Paris is wild with a new play and a new singer. The new opera is "Hamlet," and the prima donna Christine Nilsson, a young Swede, who as the "Ophelia" of the drama, with her fair hair, and blue eyes, and charming voice and manner has made the Parisians fairly mad with enthusiasm. The composer of the opera seems to be one of those oddities so commonly met with among musical geniuses. A recent Parisian letter commenting upon the excitement, says:

"The success of 'Hamlet' is continuous, and the interest of the moment centres round the name of Ambroise Thomas. All the loungers of the boulevards are familiar with a gray-bearded and melancholy looking man, sauntering slowly along near the Rue Lepelletier, and lingering before the shop windows with an absent air. If some stranger, struck with the gentle expression of sadness on his face, asked a *boulevardier*, the lingerer's name, he would doubtless have been told that it was Sombreaecneil—the name Ambroise Thomas has gone by for years at the Conservatoire, and which has become his general *sobriquet*. He has had the score of 'Hamlet' in his hands for eight years, but could never find an Ophelia to whom he wished to confide the part of his heroine. Perhaps the opera would not yet have appeared, if it had not been for an accident. One day the maestro called, in passing, upon Hengel, the musical publisher. A piano stood open in the room. Thomas sat down before the instrument and played his 'Hamlet,' from beginning to end (a proof of his prodigious memory).

"That is very fine!" exclaimed Hengel. "I would give you whatever you liked for it. When are you going to have it played?"

"When I can find an Ophelia."

"At that moment Nilsson put her pretty head through the half-open door.

"There's your Ophelia!" said Hengel, half laughingly and half seriously.

"A few hours afterwards, the director of the opera entered into negotiations with the Swedish prima donna, and in a few days the rehearsal of the work commenced. Ambroise Thomas is one of the most persecuted men in Paris. His apartment is assailed from morning to night by a crowd of supplicants and advice-needers, so the director of the opera insisted that the musician should occupy a room in his house until the appearance of 'Hamlet.' There, under the very wing of the *Académie Impériale*, he completed his score, only obtaining his release on the day after the eventful evening; and no prisoner ever bore his imprisonment worse. Twenty-four hours before the first representation, the author's expression of face rendered with painful vividness the torments and

anguish which precede an author's public ordeal. 'I experience to-day,' said the musician, 'the pleasant enjoyment which a gudgeon must feel while it's being fried.' When all Paris was talking of his success, he only exclaimed—'Ah, Nilsson has a wonderful talent!' His modesty, indeed, is proverbial. One evening, at an artists' dinner, he discovered an old piano at the restaurant, and played on it a melody so sweet and plaintive that tears stood in the eyes of all his listeners. 'Look, Ambroise, we are crying,' said a friend, taking his hand. 'I am not surprised, *mon ami*; I rubbed my fingers with onions before playing.' His sensitive, retiring nature shows rare energy at times; the zeal and courage of Thomas the national guardsman in '48 is well remembered, and how gallantly he used his gun, whose music, as he said, needed no words to it.

"It is said that his '*Mignon*' will be sung here soon by Mlle. Lucca, whom we have never heard in Paris, and whom we are anxious to have after her success in London, Berlin and St. Petersburg. At the last-named place the Russian students, we hear, roused to a delirious pitch of enthusiasm by her singing, fought their way to her and begged her, *en masse*, for some remembrance. Mlle. Lucca, besieged and bewildered, accorded them her scarf and gloves, which were immediately cut in pieces by the young men, who each carried off a fragment in triumph."

TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

WE find a few good words upon the above topic in an English cotemporary. We copy them, feeling that we cannot say too much in regard to a more substantial education of girls than obtains at present in either England or America:—

"That middle-class girls, in the vast majority of cases, may some time in the course of their lives be placed in circumstances which will oblige them to earn their own bread, is an idea which seems as yet to have found no entrance into the minds of middle-class parents. They would think themselves extremely wanting in their duty towards their sons not to provide them with the education and training requisite to enable them to lead an independent existence. But for their girls no similar provision is thought of. Here there is a terrible inconsistency, which bears its bitter fruits afterwards in too many cases. While they are alive and can provide for their daughters, fathers imagine that the winds of heaven should not be allowed to visit them too roughly. They take every pains to guard their girls from knowledge of business and from contact with the world, and object with all the force in their nature to their doing anything which might contribute to their own maintenance. Of course also they object

greatly to their receiving such systematic training as might afterwards, in case of need, be turned to account. They seem always to think that something will turn up—marriage or something—to keep their girls from the struggle with the world. But they die; the expected 'something' has not happened; the money provision which they have left is but slender; and the poor girls, petted and untrained, have to face circumstances, always hard for women, but for them rendered doubly so by what must be called the selfishness of their parents. Such sad occurrences as these will not cease to take place, until it has been borne in upon the minds of people that the duty of giving systematic education and training to their girls is as imperative as that of providing the same for their boys.

UNINTENTIONAL JOKE.—An urchin unconsciously perpetrated a great joke at the expense of his teacher the other day. The lady was announcing to her pupils the holiday of February 22d, and asking them some questions concerning its observance; among others, why the birthday of Washington should be celebrated more than that of any one else. "Why," she added, "more than mine; you may tell me," she said to a little fellow, eager to explain.

"Because," he exclaimed, with great vivacity, "because he never told a lie!"

"For death itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness."

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What difference is there between a school-boy and a postage stamp? One you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.
2. What difference is there between a postage stamp and a lady? One is a male fee, and the other a female.
3. What is the most indigestible supper a man can eat? Bolting the door, and tucking in his bed.
4. When was beef tea first made? When Henry VIII. dissolved the Pope's bull.
5. What is the difference between a fiery individual and a slice of bacon? One is rash and the other is a rasher.
6. What is the most becoming dress for bare earth? The skirt of a wood.
7. Where do poets dry their clothes? On their own "lines."
8. When is money like a bullet? When it is "spent."
9. What most resembles a pretty girl bathing? A diving bell(e).
10. When is a tombstone like a rushlight? When it is set up for a late husband.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

A LAST LOOK.

BY JEAN INGELow.

[A girl is deserted by her betrothed; he marries another, and is about to set sail with her. The deserted girl hears of his intention, and obeys a yearning to behold once again, unknown to him, the idol with whom not even his perfidy, can disenchant her. Accordingly, in the company of one who knows her secrets, she wends up the river.]

I ONLY saw the stars—I could not see
The river—and they seem'd to lie
As far below as the other stars were high.
I trembled like a thing about to die;
It was so awful 'neath the majesty
Of that great crystal height, that overhung
The blackness at our feet,
Unseen to fleet and fleet
The flocking stars among.

And only hear the dipping of the oar,
And the small waves' caressing of the darksome shore.
Less real it was than any dream.

Ah me! to hear the bending willows shiver,
As we shot quickly from the silent river,
And felt the swaying and the flow

That bore us down the deeper, wider stream,
Whereto its nameless waters go:

Oh! I shall always, when I shut mine eyes,
See that weird sight again;

The lights from anchor'd vessels hung;
The phantom moon that sprang
Suddenly up in dim and angry wise,
From the rim o' the moaning main,
And touched with elfin light

The two long oars whereby we made our flight
Along the reaches of the night;

Then furrow'd up a lowering cloud,
Went in, and left us darker than before,
To feel our way as the midnight watches wore,
And lie in her lee, with mournful faces bow'd,
That should receive and bear with her away
The brightest portion of my sunniest day—
The laughter of the land, the sweetest of the shore.
And I beheld thee: saw the lantern flash
Down on thy face, when thou didst climb the side.

And thou wert pale, pale as the patient bride
That follow'd both; a little sad,
Leaving of home and kin. Thy courage glad
That once did bear thee on,

That brow of thine had lost; the fervor rash
Of foreboding youth thou hadst foregone.
Oh, what a little moment, what a crumb
Of comfort for a heart to feed upon!

And that was all its sum;
A glimpse and not a meeting—
A drawing near by night,
To sigh to thee an unacknowledged greeting,
And all between the flashing of a light
And its retreating.

Then after, ere she spread her wafting wings—
The ship—and weighed her anchor to depart,
We stole from her dark lee like guilty things;

And there was silence in my heart,
And silence in the upper and the nether deep.
Oh sleep! Oh sleep!

Do not forget me. Sometimes come and sweep,

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Now I have nothing left, thy healing hand
Over the lids that crave thy visits bland,
Thou kind, thou comforting one:
For I have seen his face, as I desired,
And all my story's done.
Oh, I am tired!

RICH, THOUGH POOR.

BY ALICE CARY.

RED in the east the morning broke,
And in three chambers three men woke;
One through curtains wove that night
In the loom of the spider saw the light
Lighting the rafters black and old,
And sighed for the genii to make them gold.

One in a chamber, high and fair,
With panelled ceilings, enamelled rare,
On the purple canopy of his bed
Saw the light with a sluggard's dread,
And buried his sullen and sickly face
Deep in his pillow fringed with lace.

One, from a low and grassy bed,
With the golden air for a coverlet;
No ornaments had he to wear
But his curling beard and his coal black hair;
His wealth was his acres, and oxen twain,
And health was his cheerful chamberlain.

Night fell stormy—"Woe is me!"
Sighed so wearily two of the three;
"The corn I planted to-day will sprout,"
Said one, "and the roses be blushing out;"
And his heart with its joyful hope o'erran,
Think you he was the poorest man!

GOLDEN SHOES.

MAY bought golden shoes for her boy,
Golden leather from heel to toe,
With silver tassel to tie at top,
And dainty lining as white as snow;
I bought a pair of shoes as well,
For the restless feet of a little lad,
Common, and coarse, and iron-tipped—
The best I could for the sum I had.

"Golden," May said, "to match his curls:
I never saw her petted boy;
I warrant he is but a puny elf;
And pink and white, like a china toy:
And what is he that he should walk
All shod in gold on the king's highway,
While little Fred, with a king's own grace,
Must wear rough brogans every day?"

And why can May from her little hand
Fling baubles at her idol's feet,
While I can hardly shelter Fred
From the cruel stones of the broken street?
I envy not her silken robe,
Nor the jewel's shine, nor the handmaid's care:
But, ah! to give what I cannot,
This, this is so hard to bear.

But down I'll crush this bitter thought,
And bear no grudge to pretty May,
Though she is rich, and I am poor,
Since we were girls at Clover Bay;
And ask the Lord to guide the feet
So painfully and coarsely shod,
Till they are fit to walk the street
That runs hard by the throne of God,

"Good-by, friend Ellen," "Good-by, May:"
What dims her eyes so bright and blue,
As she looks at the rugged shoe askance?
"I wish my boy could wear those, too;
But he will never walk, they say,"
So May, with a little sigh, has gone,
And I am left in a wondering mood,
To think of my wicked thoughts alone.

It needs not that I tell you how
I clasped my sturdy rogue that night,
And thanked the God who gave him strength,
And made him such a merry wight;
Nor envied May one gift she held,
If with it I must also choose
That sight of the little crippled feet,
Albeit shod in golden shoes.

"BY-AND-BY."

WAS the parting very bitter?
Was the hand clasped very tight?
Is a storm of tear-drops falling
From a face all sad and white?
Think not of it, in the future
Calmer, fairer days are nigh;
Gaze not backward, but look onward
For a sunny "by-and-by."

Were some whispered words too cherished?
Was the touch of lips too sweet?
Are two souls once linked together
Never, never more to meet?
Never here, earth's poor, vain passion
Slowly smouldering out must die,
But its ashes shall return you
Something purer "by-and-by."

Was the priceless love you lavished
Sought for, played with, and then slain?
Were its crushed and quiv'ring remnants
Calmly thrown you back again?
Calmly, too, the remnants gather,
Bring them home without a sigh,
Sweet returns they yet shall bring you
In a coming "by-and-by."

Is your frail boat tossed and battered,
With its sails all torn and wet,
Crossing o'er a waste of waters
Over which your sun has set?
To the shore all calm and sunlit,
To the smooth sand warm and dry,
Faith shall bear your shattered vessel
Safely, surely, "by-and-by."

Are the eyelids very weary.
Does the tired head long for rest,
Are the temples hot and throbbing,
And the hands together pressed?
Hope shall lay you on her bosom,
Cool the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper, "Rest is coming,
Rest forever, 'by-and-by.'"

And when calmed and cheered and freshened
By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up, the heavens are bright'ning,
Cease your wailing and rejoice;
Cry not out for days departed,
None will hear you, none reply;
But look on where light is breaking
O'er a brighter "by-and-by."

THE LITTLE ROBE OF WHITE.

BY MRS. S. T. PERRY.

I N a rosewood cradle a baby lay;
Its mother was stitching, stitching away
On a little robe of white.
One foot on the rocker, she hoped to keep
Her frolicsome baby fast asleep,
To finish her work that night.

In every stitch of the garment she wrought
That loving mother fastened a thought—
Hopes for that little one—

And she smiled on her babe with a happy pride,
As it slept in its cradle by her side,
Till that little robe was done.

Then she folded up the cambric and lace,
And kissed her little one's chubby face,
That smiled in its infant glee.

She tossed it up and down in the air;
"How pretty you'll look, little babe; when you wear
That new little robe!" said she

In a rosewood coffin the baby lay—
Its mother had wept the night away,
Watching its dying breath.

With it clasped to her breast she had prayed to keep
Her darling baby from going to sleep
In the cold, cold arms of death.

They buried the babe in the garments just wrought,
Whose every stitch held a hopeful thought—
From that loving mother's sight.

On the marble stone she wrote with a tear,
"How many hopes lie buried here,
In that little robe of white."

In the Saviour's arms a baby lay,
From its rosewood coffin far away,
In the realms of love and light.

The angels a garment had folded about
Its little form, which would never wear out—
A seamless robe of white.

UNSEEN.

BY MARY B. SLEIGHT.

T HE patient sculptor, pondering long
The secrets of his god-like art,
Caught gleams of beauty prisoned where
The marble hides its living heart.

The world saw but a senseless stone,
And marvelled that he toiled for naught—
He saw within AN ANGEL BOUND,

And still with kindling courage wrought—
Till lo, one day his vision fair
Became revealed to ruder sight—

A presence sweet and debonair,
That long within the realms of night
Waited some love directed hand
To lead it to the light.

Toil on, oh thou, whose patient zeal
A holier inspiration guides!
Within the stoniest human heart
The waiting angel hides.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

CAULIFLOWER SOUP.—Cauliflower and butter. Peel the cauliflowers, and put them in boiling water. When they are perfectly soft, strain the water off, and put them in the saucepan again, with some butter. Moisten them with water or beef broth, and finish cooking them. Put some slices of fried bread in the soup, and let the whole boil gently until it is thick; then serve it.

ROSEMARY TEA.—Rosemary tea is very easy to make, and is reckoned very cleansing for the hair. Put two ounces of rosemary tops into a pint of boiling water and let them infuse in a teapot or jug; two ounces of rum are very frequently added to the cold, strained liquor. To clean the partings of the hair, remove scurf, &c., the following is a good recipe: One ounce sesqui-carbonate of ammonia, half a pint of spirit of rosemary, and a pint and a half of elder flower or rosewater.

CREAM CHEESE.—Take about half a pint of cream, tie it up in a piece of thin muslin, and suspend it in a cool place. After five or six days take it out of the muslin and put it between two plates, with a small weight on the upper one. This will make it a good shape for the table, and also help to ripen the cheese, which will be fit to use in about eight days from the commencement of the making.

STEWED LOBSTER.—Pick the lobster, put the ova into a dish, and rub them down with a bit of butter, two spoonfuls of any sort of gravy, one of soy or walnut ketchup, a little suet and cayenne, and a spoonful of port; stew the lobster, cut into bits, with the gravy as above.

TO POT LOBSTERS.—Half boil them, pick out the meat, cut it into small bits, season with mace, white pepper, nutmeg, and salt; press close into a pot and cover with butter; bake half an hour; put the spawn in. When cold, take the lobster out and put it into the pot with a little of the butter; beat the other butter in a mortar with some of the spawn, then mix that colored butter with as much as will be sufficient to cover the pots, and strain it; cayenne may be added if approved.

BUTTERED ORANGE JUICE, A COLD DISH.—Mix the juice of seven Seville oranges with four spoonfuls of rose-water, and add the whole to the yolks of eight and whites of four eggs, well beaten; then strain the liquors to half a pound of sugar pounded, stir it over a gentle fire, and when it begins to thicken, put about the size of a small walnut of butter; keep it over the fire a few minutes longer, then pour it into a flat dish, and serve to eat cold. It may be done in a china basin in a saucepan of boiling water, the top of which will just receive the basin.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS.

To a person admiring modesty of expression in a lady's toilette, the bonnets of this season are anything but satisfactory. No strings appear in front at all, the bonnet is fastened to the head by means of an elastic band or narrow ribbon, passing under the waterfall at the back. Then there falls from about the ears on either side a strip of lace or gauze. These are brought together down on the breast, and there fastened loosely with a bunch of flowers, a knot of ribbon, or rosette of silk or satin. The whole effect is generally unbecoming, we think, and it is only occasionally that a person is found whom the style suits exactly; but it is universally adopted, and is a part of that loose arrangement of the hair and head-dress which has prevailed so much of late. We hope the fashion will not last long. Materials for bonnets show nothing new except in the tinsel, or spangled, and the spotted tulle which is worn very much on bonnets and hats also, and generally with graceful and becoming effect. It comes in all colors, and shades, with blond edgings to match. The brown is used very much on hats, and is modest and pretty.

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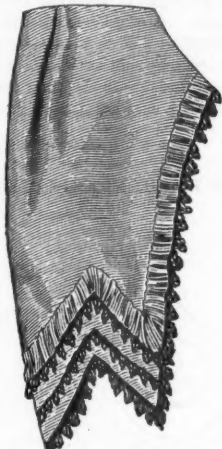
The loose *redingote* or overdress, reaching below the knees and belted in at the waist, obtains great favor for travelling and street dresses this summer. This is suited to only a few persons also. A very snug medium sized figure may look well in it, but any one tending at all to *embonpoint*, or the other extreme of more than ordinary height, should never venture to attempt this costume. Still this makes no difference as we can see—slouchy fat women, and those on the broom-stick order don the *redingote* alike, for it's the "fashion"—and that consideration outweighs every other. There are plenty of other styles for outside garments made "*en suite*." The partially fitting *sacques* tied with sashes at the back, either made of the same material bound with silk or satin, or of broad ribbon to match in color, are very pretty and suited to almost every figure. Some black silk coats are cut very long—many still wear them short. Satin bands and pipings are still the favorite trimmings for dresses of all materials.

There is very good taste manifested in the matter of colors this season. Strong contrasts and outre shades, with one or two exceptions, seem to be avoided. Frequently whole suites, from bon-

net to shoes, are made in exactly the same shade of color. This is always good taste.

The hair seems to be worn quite as high as ever, frizzed and puffed and rolled and curled ad libitum. Round hats show almost every imaginable form but the small narrow brim, and the sundown for seaside will be mostly worn, we think.

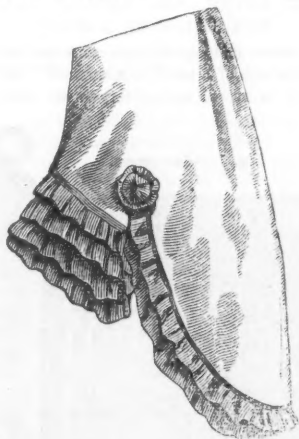
NEW STYLE SLEEVES.



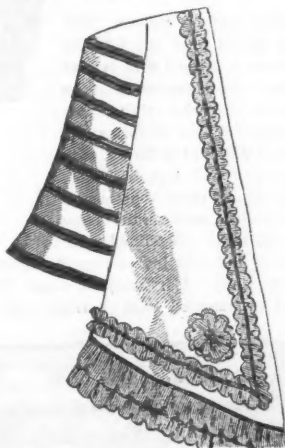
An open shape seamed inside to the depth of five inches; the bottom is vandyked; the trimming is composed of a puffing of the material and narrow guipure lace, headed with fine jet gimp. Both sides are ornamented in this way.



A plain cap and cuff, notched upon one edge, and trimmed in gores with fancy galeon; flat buttons and imitation button-holes are set in the spaces; the body is full in top and bottom with small plaits. It is cut in a straight piece and seamed upon the inside of the arm.



A flowing silk sleeve trimmed with bound ruffles two inches wide.



POLESKI SLEEVE.—The front is short like a coat shape and trimmed with cross-cut folds, having a narrow gimp through the centre; the back is trimmed with silk nichings.

NAME FOR MARKING.



POCKET-BRUSH AND NEEDLE CASE IN THE SHAPE OF A MUFF.

The brush and needles are contained in a case made in shape of a small ermine muff; the fur is imitated in raised embroidery with white and

the seam with herring-bone stitch in black silk. On the outside the pocket is ornamented with similar stitch; this pocket is for hair-pins. Along the sides the lining and material of the outside are fastened together with loose button-hole stitch; then crochet along the sides alternately 1 treble, 1 chain, the treble stitch always in the button-hole stitch; then crochet a 2d row, 1 double in every chain stitch and 5 chain between. A fine red silk foundation chain, forming a cord, is drawn through the latter row and ornamented with tassels. At the lower corners of the piece of silk lined with cloth make small loops, and sew on corresponding buttons on roll. Put the needles and brush into the inner part, and cover the whole with case imitating a muff.

Fig. 1.—Case open.



black Berlin wool on canvas. The muff is 4 inches long and 6 2-5ths inches wide; it is lined with scarlet silk. Fig. 1 shows the inside of the muff smaller than the original pattern; prepare a piece of cloth and a piece of red silk for the lining, each 4 inches long and 4 inches wide, which must be sewn together at sides and rolled; between the seams a piece of black silk lined with black cloth 4 2-5ths inches long, 4 inches wide, must be fastened; it is hemmed round the outside and ornamented with herring-bone stitch

DESIGN FOR HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



RUSTIC STAND FOR CROQUET GROUND.

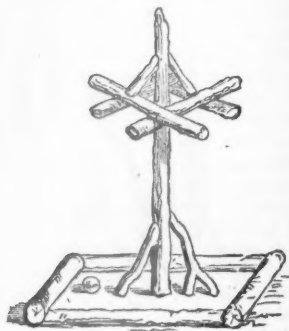
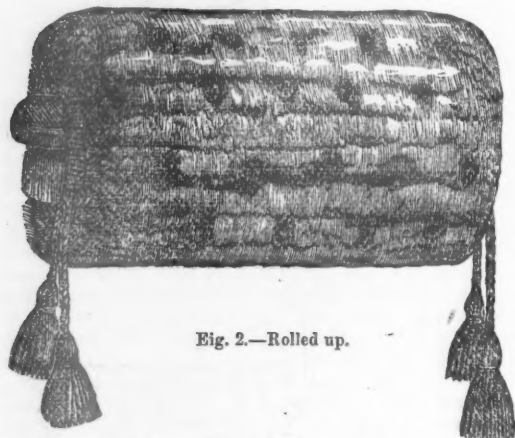


Fig. 2.—Rolled up.



in black silk. The needles and pins are stuck upon this piece of silk. A pocket one inch wide in silk taken double, is sewn over the roll along

Making this little affair for mallets and balls would help an ennuied bachelor to pass away a rainy day, and at the end of it have a very useful gift to present to a young lady friend.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

A NEWS BOYS' HOME.

THERE are few charitable institutions in our city that cost less, and are productive of more practical good, than the News Boys' Lodging House. This excellent charity has been in successful operation for several years, giving comfortable shelter and schooling to two hundred homeless boys every night. The untiring exertions of those entrusted with its management have at last secured for it a substantial recognition in the legislature. A bill has passed the Senate appropriating the sum of thirty thousand dollars of the funds accumulated by the Board of Excise from the payment of license fees, for the purchase or erection of a suitable and commodious building in which a permanent Newsboys' Home may be established. This seems a most fitting disposition to make of the money. Most of the boys were made orphans and rendered homeless, by the intemperance and vagrancy of their parents, and there is something that commends itself to the judgment as eminently just and fair, in appropriating a portion of the money gained by the sale of liquor licenses to such a purpose as the establishment and support of an institution that furnishes these little outcasts with the comforts and benefits of a home. The appropriation is made with the proviso that, within a specified time, a similar amount be raised by private subscription: the whole to be then applied to the purchase or erection of a building."

The above from the New York correspondence of the Evening Telegraph, will be read with interest in connexion with an article in this number of the Home Magazine, describing a night visit to the present News Boys' Lodging House in New York.

Let our readers note and ponder the fact, that the legislature proposes to give thirty thousand dollars out of a fund raised by the license system. In other words, for a consideration in money, it gives to a certain number of men the privilege of reducing to intemperance and vagrancy the fathers and mothers of to-day, in order to provide a home for the children of parents made vagrants under the same system in the past generation.

We put the case as it stands. It has a bad look; and turn it as we will, we cannot find a single argument in its favor based on common sense, unbiassed reason, or Christian morality. Stop the system of licensed vagrant-making, and in a few years there will be no abandoned and vicious children to care for.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

A LETTER now before us says: "And now, if we could only express completely our appreciation of, and gratitude for all you have done in the past twelve months for 'Our Boy,' and for us, whose highest care and dearest joy are in his education—it would be enough. But there are no words made with a pen, that are quite equal to that. We can only say that, rarely does a day pass in which the 'Hour 'twixt the dark and the daylight,' does not find B— with the little Magazine at mamma's side, asking for what is to him 'the best treat of the day.'"

A lady writing to us says:—

"I am very glad, but not at all surprised, to know of its wide circulation. Since I have been a mother, I have tried to secure the best writings for children possible to obtain—the purest and brightest. Therefore I have had some opportunity to judge; and I have no hesitation in saying, that 'The Children's Hour'

stands unrivalled in juvenile literature, and far surpasses all other magazines for children."

We could fill pages with such hearty words of approval from parents and lovers of children in all parts of the country. It is gratifying to know that our effort to make a pure and good magazine for the little ones, is regarded as so eminently successful.

AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

THERE is a movement on foot looking to a needed and healthful control of the literature sold on steamboats and in railway cars. Much of what is now offered for sale is of a wretchedly demoralizing character, and great harm is done by its circulation. A company has been organized under the title of "The American Railway Literary Union," with Henry Wells, of New York, as President, and such men as Daniel Drew, J. C. Fargo, D. B. Hatch, R. B. Mason and others of New York and Chicago, as directors. This company is now negotiating with the various railroad and steamboat companies throughout the United States, for the exclusive right to sell books, magazines and newspapers on their lines, under a system of superintendents, train-boys and news agents, who will not be permitted to offer anything that is morally exceptional.

The end sought to be obtained by this company is one of great moment. There is a class of men in the community, who, for gain, are poisoning the wellsprings of feeling and thought in our young people, by sending forth the most vile and corrupting books and papers, most of them rendered doubly dangerous to morals by their graphic illustrations, and these are sold openly or covertly on most of our public thoroughfares. To stop this sale is the object of "The American Railway Union." We trust that it will receive that public favor it so well merits, and that the directors of every railroad and steamboat line in the country will meet its overtures promptly.

SPECIALITY VS. SPECIALTY.

BOTH of these spellings are given by Webster. A correspondent of the *Evening Bulletin* contends for *speciality* as alone being correct. He says: "When a noun is the root or foundation-word, the termination *alty* is added, as, Mayor-*alty*, Sheriff-*alty*; but when an adjective is the foundation-word, the termination *ity* is added, as, Formal-*ity*, Legal-*ity*, Spiritual-*ity*, Peculiar-*ity*, Singular-*ity*. A happy illustration of this principle is in the noun *nation* and the adjective *national*. If the noun were used, *alty* would be the termination; but as the adjective *national* is used, the word becomes *nationality*, not *nationalty*."

SEWING MACHINES.—We have already sent away a large number of sewing machines as premiums, and in every instance that we have heard from, they have arrived promptly and given full satisfaction. A great many of these have gone to poor women, whose friends have assisted them to make up lists of subscribers to the Home Magazine and Children's Hour, and so at small cost of time and trouble helped to give a life long benefit.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

Four or five years ago there was exhibited in London a picture by F. M. Ward, R. A., bearing a somewhat similar title to the one we have had engraved for this number of the Home Magazine. It represented the eldest daughter of Louis XVI., a prisoner in the Temple—the then state-prison of France—and Robespierre gazing at her, as she herself describes in a work written and published by her a few years afterwards, when Duchesse d'Angoulême. It subsequently occurred to the painter that the subject would bear repetition, without the introduction of that arch-regicide whose name is a by-word for all which is infamous, both socially and politically, and whose presence in the company of youth, beauty, innocence, and exalted rank, was nothing less than a moral pestilence. Hence the picture before us, founded on a passage in the book just referred to. "For my own part," writes the Duchess, in allusion to her past imprisonment, "I only asked for the simple necessities of life, and these they often refused me with asperity. I was, however, enabled to keep myself clean. I had at least soap and water, and I swept out my room every day." What a story is contained in these few simple, but most touching words.

"Viewed simply as a young girl, with a broom in her hand, performing some domestic duty," says the *Art Journal*, "it might interest no more than a mere cottage maiden thus occupied; but remembering that it represents a high-born and high-minded girl in the power of a tyrant, it excites the most profound pity; a feeling enhanced by the remembrance of the losses she had endured, the patience with which she suffered wrong, and her personal attractions. The artist has painted a most charming figure, to which her simple, unadorned costume lends additional attractions."

"PLAYING SCHOOL."

What clever actors are little children! Scarcely out of swaddling bands they begin to mimic the adult life about them, often producing copies of character with a strictness which is really marvelous. We once heard a celebrated teacher say that she learned more of her own mannerisms, her peculiar expressions in school, from watching one day a mimic school among her little pupils, than she had ever been conscious of before, and it led to the correction of some very grave faults in her discipline. Especially do these tiny actors enjoy a position which makes a show of "brief authority." Look at the little schoolmistress in our picture, with ancient cap and spectacles, and rod in hand, assuming an air of stern command over a supposed refractory pupil. Can you not almost hear the word of reproof as it drops, in all apparent sincerity, from those pouting lips. Notice the firm closed mouth, the frowning brow—how full of severe rebuke.

Meanwhile the little culprit acts well her part, assuming a grief with which there mingles, not unnaturally, an air of saucy determination to pursue her "own sweet will," as soon as opportunity is given.

It is curious to see (possibly a moralist might find a text for a sermon in the fact) what wicked models these naughty little dramatists select for imitation. 'Tis not the good boys and girls who learn their lessons well and sit with folded hands and silent lips whom they undertake to represent. In the little farce each individual is intent upon mischief; nor do we believe the rosy pedagoguess herself (though she protests, of course, against it) would be satisfied were it otherwise. What merit to conquer and discipline

a set of orderly boys and girls? Even two-year-olds, probably because too innocent to assume a worse rôle for himself, is made the imaginary dunce of the school-room.

Happy little hearts! courting mimic difficulties for the sole pleasure of overcoming them. Days will come when all will be real, and there will be no need to "pretend;" your troubles and sore discipline shall come in life before which you shall wish with burdened hearts you were only "playing school."

"I am proud, I am vain, perhaps, I had better say," remarked a distinguished man, recently, "that I was brought up from my youth to abstain from tobacco, which is unhealthy and filthy from beginning to end."

The beautiful engravings which are given in the Home Magazine this year, have attracted much attention. We have a series in preparation of equal if not higher excellence.

TEAS.—Some idea of the immense business of the Great American Tea Company may be obtained from the fact, officially announced in the *New York Shipping and Commercial List*, that it recently purchased the entire cargoes of the ships *George Shotton* and *Golden State*. Operations of such magnitude by a single firm are unusual, and they explain the secret of the low prices at which this company offer their teas. As to the quality and flavor of their teas, we can testify from personal trial of them.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

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